THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. V. March 1, 1818. No. XXVII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

1. View of the Bridge of St. Maurice 125
2. Four Pictorial Cards 180
3. Ladies' Bridal Dress 183
4. ——— Walking Dress 184
5. Patterns for Needle-Work.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Picturesque Tour to Mount Simplon — The Bridge of St. Maurice — General Description of the Valais 125

MISCELLANIES.

Sentimental Travels to the South of France — Letter XVII. 131
Dangerous Effects of Conjugal Concealment 136
The Reeds of the Tiber, by Madame de Genlis 139
Fatal Consequences of Falsehood . . . 145
The Stroller's Tale, sketched from Nature 147
Correspondence of the Adviser 152
The Author's Bureau 154
Filial Affection Rewarded 157
Advantages of R. Ackermann's Patent Moveable Axle for Carriages . . . 163
Exhibition of the British Institution . . 164
The Female Tattler.—No. XXVII. . . 171

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Liverati's Musica Flebile 175
Burrowes' Select Airs from Il Don Giovanni 176
Ries's Celebrated Irish Melody . . . 177
Cramer's Les Suivantes, No. II. . . . ib.
Burrowes' Select Melodies . . . . . ib.

PAGE

Ball's "Softly opes the Eye of Day" . 178
Everett's Sonata for the Piano-Forte . ib.
Monro's Le Tournesol . . . . ib.
Harvey's "Le Retour des Vendangeurs" 179
Denman's "Le Garçon Volage" . . . ib.
Jansen's "Adieu, good Night" . . . 180
Coggins's Les Sœurs . . . . ib.

FINE ARTS.

Pictorial Playing-Cards—Beatrice, or the Fracas . . . . ib.

FASHIONS.

London Fashions.—Ladies' Bridal Dress 183
Ladies' Walking Dress 184
General Observations on Fashion and Dress . . . . ib.
French Female Fashions 186

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC 189

POETRY.

Extract from Lines suggested by the Death of the Princess Charlotte, by Thomas Gent 190

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Laicus *is inadmissible, as we cannot make our pages the vehicle of religious controversy.*

If Camilla *will favour us with a sight of the manuscript in question, we shall be able to give a decisive answer on the subject.*

Some unexpected articles which it was desirable to introduce into the present Number, have obliged us to postpone various Selections *till our next.*

Several poetical contributions, which it is unnecessary to specify, are below par.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. V. March 1, 1818. No. XXVII.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 13.—THE BRIDGE OF ST. MAURICE.

When the traveller has quitted Boveret, the aspect of the country totally changes; instead of the smiling and ever-varying banks of the lake, the road runs along a valley contracted by the Rhone, and almost uncultivated, to Sex, an ancient castle, now forsaken, which formerly defended the entrance of the Valais. The country afterwards becomes more fertile; it is covered with villages, fine meadows, and fruit-trees, through which are seen, on the other side of the Rhone, the steeples of Aigle and Bex.

As you proceed into the Valais the mountains rise; the tower of Aix and the Diablerets, from which issue the salt-springs of Bex, are perceived on the left; and farther on, the Dent de Morcles, and that of the south, peaks almost always covered with snow, approach so near to one another, that they seem to have been separated by some convulsion, for the purpose of opening a passage for the rapid river which flows at their feet. St. Maurice, whose ancient castle is built on the brow of a rock, closes the pass: a bridge of a single arch crosses the whole breadth of the valley; and but for the new road of the Simplon, it would still be, as formerly, the only entrance of the Valais passable by carriages. On account of its bold construction it has been ascribed to the Romans, but it was built by Justus de Silinen, Bishop of Sion, who lived at the end of the fifteenth century. The tower at one extremity marks the boundary between the canton of Vaud and the Valais.

St. Maurice was the *Agaunum* of the Romans, and the place to which they conveyed the dead from all the adjacent country for interment. The pavement of the church was formerly composed of the sepulchral stones of these ancient graves. Several Roman monuments are still to be seen there. This town owes its present name to an abbey, erected in the beginning of the sixth century, in honour of St. Maurice the martyr, who, according to the legend, was massacred at this place in 302 by

the Emperor Maximus, for being a Christian, together with the whole Theban legion which he commanded.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE VALAIS.

No country of Europe has such a just claim to the attention of the enlightened traveller as the Valais. The naturalist, the philosopher, and the statesman, will traverse that extraordinary country with equal interest. There every thing differs from what is seen elsewhere: there are found a different nature, different manners, and political customs abolished among the neighbouring nations; and this country, so little known, is placed between France and Italy, in the centre of the most civilized regions of the globe.

The Valais is situated in the midst of the Alps. On quitting La Fourche these colossal mountains divide, and the two chains uniting at Mont Blanc, encompass the deepest valley of the known world. In the southern chain are the three highest mountains in Europe: Mont Blanc, which rises, according to the measurements of Trallès, 2466 fathoms above the sea; Mont Rosa, 2430; and Mont Cervin, 2309, according to Saussure. The loftiest of the northern chain are, the Finsteraarhorn, 2206; the Jungfrau, 2145; and the Balmhorn, 1905 fathoms, according to Trallès. Brieg, situated between Mont Rosa and the Finsteraarhorn, and which is 364 fathoms above the level of the sea, is consequently at the bottom of a valley, the southern declivity of which is 2066 and the northern 1842 fathoms in height. The valley of Chamouni is only 1926 fathoms lower than Mont Blanc, and that of Quito is 1751 lower than Chimborasso, though this point of the Cordilleras is 750 fathoms higher than Mont Blanc.

The northern chain separates the Valais from the other Swiss cantons; the southern forms a vast barrier between that valley and Savoy and Piedmont. The Valais is thirty-four leagues in length from east to west, ten in its greatest breadth from north to south, and its area is about 200 square leagues.

The summits of these two chains of the Alps are covered with everlasting snow; their sides are riven by deep and narrow ravines, which serve for channels to rapid torrents, and run to the principal valley. The Rhone traverses the Valais longitudinally, from the glaciers of La Fourche, where that river rises, to the Lake of Geneva, into which it discharges its waters. Its fall in this space is 713 fathoms. Sometimes cooped between rocks, it can scarcely force a passage, and its foaming waves precipitate themselves in cascades; at others, spreading over the plains, it inundates the meadows, converts them into marshes, and leaves traces of its ravages wherever the hand of man has not confined it within due bounds.

To its depth, and to the altitude of the mountains which surround it, this valley owes the great variety observed in its productions. In low and open situations the fruits of Italy attain maturity; the vine prospers there, and yields excellent wines. As you ascend the slope of the Alps, you find the vines succeeded by fields, and the fields by forests and pastures, which extend

to the snowy region. Nature here presents the most astonishing contrast of the rich productions of the south and all the horrors of the frozen zone.

The Valais has hitherto been but little visited and little known: it is necessarily cut off from its neighbours by its situation. Before the construction of the road of the Simplon, one gate at St. Maurice closed the entrance to the whole country; and in a circumference of seventy leagues there was but a small number of communications with Italy and Switzerland, of which the inhabitants of the plains cannot form any conception. The most commodious and most frequented passage, the Great St. Bernard, leading to the valley of Aöste, offers to travellers a road that is passable only during a few months of the year for mules alone, and where they would often be exposed to the greatest dangers, but for the assistance of the monks who reside in the hospital on the summit of the mountain. A kind of enthusiasm, and the absolute renouncement of all the pleasures of life, have been, and still are, necessary to fix men in these frightful deserts. A second road, cut in a zigzag direction in the vertical side of a rock 600 fathoms in height, leads to the baths of Louesch, in the canton of Berne, across the Gemmi. A third, likewise very steep, conducts to the valley of Chamouni: lastly, three dangerous passes lead, the one to the canton of Berne by the Grimsel; the second to the valley of Urseren, at the foot of St. Gothard, by La Fourche; and the third to the valley of Formazza, in Italy, by a mountain called the Griess. Such were the channels opened for foreign traffic: the internal communications were little better; many of the villages had no other than ladders from platform to platform, by means of which their inhabitants climbed up perpendicular rocks several hundred fathoms in height.

This country was formerly divided into the Upper Valais, comprising the seven *dixains* of Sion, Sieres, Louesch, Viege, Razon, Brieg, and Goms; and the Lower Valais, containing seven *chatellenies* or *baillages*, the seats of which were at Saint Maurice, Martigny, Montey, Neuda, Boveret, Arden, and Bagne. On quitting the banks of the Lake of Geneva, and proceeding up the Rhone, the traveller first passes through the Lower Valais, in which lie St. Maurice and Martigny. Five leagues from St. Maurice, at the little river Morse, begins the territory of the Upper Valais; a league higher is Sion, the capital of the whole country. Continuing his course eastward, he comes to Sieres and Leuck, or Louesch; Viege and Razon next make their appearance, and lastly Brieg, where the pass of the Simplon commences. Beyond Brieg the valley grows considerably narrower, and becomes a kind of precipice, the bottom of which is ravaged by the Rhone. Conches is on the left bank of the river; but continuing along its right bank, you arrive by a narrow path at Lax, a village built in a very wild situation on the steep declivity of a mountain. Beyond Lax, the same path leads to a branch of the mountains which runs to the foot of the

Grimsel, La Fourche, and the glaciers, the inexhaustible sources of the Rhone.

No man, however insensible to the beauties of nature, can traverse the Valais without feeling surprise and deep emotion. The mere perusal of the beautiful description given of it by Rousseau will never cease to enchant, by its force and truth, the genuine lovers of nature, and the admirers of the power which art exercises over it. "Slowly, and on foot," says he, "I climbed some very rugged paths. I wished to indulge my reverie, but was incessantly diverted from it by some unexpected sight: here immense rocks hung in ruins over my head; there high and noisy waterfalls drenched me with their thick spray; and presently an everlasting torrent opened beside me an abyss which the eye durst not venture to fathom. Sometimes I lost myself in the recesses of a thick wood; at others, on issuing from a rugged ravine, cheerful meadows suddenly burst upon my view. An astonishing mixture of wild and cultivated nature every where displayed the hand of man in spots to which he might have been supposed to have never penetrated. By the side of a cavern stood houses; I met with grapes where I should have expected nothing but briars; excellent fruit on rocks, and fields at the bottom of precipices.

"It was not human labour alone that produced such strange contrasts in this extraordinary country: Nature seemed also to have taken pleasure in presenting herself on one and the same spot under the most different aspects. To the east the flowers of spring; to the south the fruits of autumn; to the north the ice of winter. She combined all the seasons in the same moment, all climates in the same place, soils the most contrary on the same spot, and formed a medley, elsewhere unknown, of the productions of the plains and those of the Alps. Add to all this, the optical illusions, the peaks of the mountains differently lighted, the *chiaro-scuro* of the sun and shadows, and all the accidents of light resulting from it morning and evening, and you will have some idea of the ever-varying scenes that excited my admiration, and that seemed to be presented to me in a real theatre; for the prospect of the mountains being vertical, strikes the eye at once, and much more strongly than that of the plains, which are seen obliquely by degrees, and where every object conceals another from your view."

The productions of the Valais are indeed infinitely diversified, and the most striking contrasts result from their assemblage. Its mountains, fragments of which cover the plains of the Pays de Vaud, and the base of part of the Jura, display the astonishing succession of the rocks of the Alps: they are composed of granite, gneiss, schist, serpentine, marble, and ancient calcareous rocks: they contain also load-stone, beautiful granates, crystals of various kinds, perhaps likewise ores of the precious metals; at least it is to the discovery of such ores that the people attribute the considerable wealth of certain families of the Valais. From the banks of the Rhone to the region of snow, the slope of the mountains is covered with an admirable suc-

cession of trees and plants. At the bottom of the valley you leave the fig and the pomegranate loaded with fruit, and as you continue to ascend, you meet with the trees and plants of every climate, up to the rhododendron which thrives close to the everlasting snows. The forests consist of the chesnut, plane, oak, beech, birch, pine, fir, or larch, according to the degree of their elevation.

The wild goat and the chamois climb the least accessible rocks, and graze upon their summits: the bear, the marmot, the white hare, inhabit the dreary retreats of the narrow defiles of the Alps; and the boar sometimes appears on the banks of the Rhone. Birds of prey of all kinds build in the cavities of the steepest rocks; moor-fowl, and the red and white partridge, as well as all the birds of passage, abound in the forests and in the marshes at the bottom of the valley.

About 24,000 souls compose the population of the whole country. The inhabitants of the Upper Valais are a handsome, robust race, resembling in character and manners the mountaineers of the neighbouring cantons of Berne and Uri: strangers like the latter to commerce and manufactures, and averse to tillage, their meadows and cattle engage their whole attention. The inhabitants of the Lower Valais are not so stout and strong: they carelessly cultivate a rich soil; but the negligence of the husbandman is almost justified by the moderation of his desires.

Two diseases are in some measure peculiar to the Valaisans, and more especially to those who inhabit the districts of Sieres, Sion, and Martigny: these diseases are the *goitre*, and what is called *cretinism*, the causes of which are still unknown. The former is a swelling, often of monstrous size, but rarely mortal; but the latter, dreadful in its effects, degrades both the moral and physical man, and transforms him into a stupid and disgusting brute. A livid complexion, flaccid flesh, and pendent lips are the external symptoms of the disease: several cretins, denied both speech and hearing, are strangers to every other sensation than that of satisfying the first wants of nature. The efforts of the government and of individuals have considerably diminished the number of these unfortunate persons, yet they are still frequently met with in the Lower Valais. Is this disease owing to the excessive heat and a defective circulation of the air in the bottom of the valley? or is it hereditary, and confined to certain families? These are questions of the highest importance to the Valaisans; were they to be resolved, we should soon see the country delivered for ever from the most dreadful and melancholy of afflictions.

All the Valaisans profess the Roman Catholic religion, and are attached to it with all that tenacity to ancient customs and opinions which is observed in mountaineers. With the exception of a few parishes of the Pennine Alps, where a corrupt Italian is spoken, the language of the whole of the Upper Valais is the Swiss German dialect: the French, and a Roman *patois* almost unintelligible to strangers, are the idiom of the Lower Valais.

The Valaisan, living by himself, either as a herdsman or a husband-

man, has remained a stranger to the numerous wants which luxury and effeminacy have introduced among most nations: the simplicity of his manners, his moderation, and his hospitality, have been described in the most impressive manner by one who deeply felt the value of those virtues. Every Valaisan, when absent from his country, longs to return thither: foreign military service does not weaken this desire; and general officers, habituated during a long absence to the luxury of courts and the pleasures of great cities, have been seen on their return home, to resume the simple manners and ancient customs of their forefathers.

Is it not to this very simplicity of manners, and to the moderation of the Valaisans, that we ought to ascribe the imperfection of their agriculture and the total want of manufactures? In the cultivation of the vine, and in the manner of making wine, they are far behind their neighbours, the inhabitants of the canton of Vaud: yet the Valais contains superb vineyards, and the excellent quality of the wines of certain quarters may afford an idea of the advantage that would result from their improvement. The same observation applies to the fields, the orchards, and in general to all the lands susceptible of cultivation at the bottom of the valley and at the foot of the mountains. The people of the Upper Valais have a thorough knowledge of the management of meadows and cattle. There you find irrigations effected with long and persevering toil: frequently a rivulet is turned from its course, and carried in long wooden channels across rocks and ravines, till it reaches the field over which its waters are to diffuse life and fertility. The Valaisan exports some raw productions, but no manufactured articles: indeed he scarcely knows how to convert his wool and flax into the coarse stuffs in which the lower classes are clothed. The road which now traverses the Valais will perhaps impart increased activity to agriculture, and give birth to some manufactures: but these advantages, splendid as they may appear, would be too dearly bought, if they cost these people the simplicity of their manners and the happy obscurity in which they have so long lived.

A valley situated between Italy and Gaul could not have been neglected by the Romans: the single passage of the St. Bernard required a police and a security which the Roman laws and legions could alone afford. Various monuments, and a great number of inscriptions, prove the establishment of the Romans in the Lower Valais. We learn from Cæsar, that the Veragri and Seduni were the ancient inhabitants of the country; he says that their territories extended from the frontiers of the Allobroges, Lake Leman, and the Rhone, to the summits of the Alps. St. Maurice was the ancient *Agaunum;* Martigny, *Octodurum;* Sion, *Sedunum,* the capital of the tribe who bore its name. The Upper Valais was probably indebted to its mountains for the preservation of its liberty. From the 5th century this country formed part of the different kingdoms of Burgundy. In 1032, the death of Rudolph III. having put an end to the last of these monar-

chies, the Emperor Conrad II. made himself master of the whole country: he gave the Lower Valais to Humbert Count of Savoy, and left the Upper subject to the Bishop of Sion. In 1250, during the interregnum which followed the death of the Emperor Frederic II. the Valaisans asserted their independence: they secured by alliances the support of the neighbouring towns, and after a long and bloody struggle with their bishops, who were assisted by the house of Savoy and by several gentlemen, the towns of Brieg, Naters, and Viege, at length concluded, in 1417, an alliance with the Swiss cantons of Lucerne, Uri, and Unterwalden. In 1475, the Upper Valaisans, with the aid of their allies and the people of Berne, subdued the Lower Valais. From the year 1533 a close and perpetual alliance with Berne and the seven Catholic cantons, irrevocably attached the Valais to the Helvetic confederation. This country, therefore, took part in its wars, and, like the cantons, concluded various capitulations for furnishing troops to foreign powers. In 1798 it shared the fate of the rest of Switzerland; but its subjugation was not accomplished without long and bloody conflicts. The Valais was then made a district of a Rhodanic republic, afterwards a Swiss canton, and then a separate republic under the immediate protection of France. At length, in 1810, it was incorporated with the French empire by the style of the department of the Simplon, and such it remained till the fall of Buonaparte once more restored it to the independence which it now enjoys as a canton of the Swiss confederation.

Before 1798, the Upper Valais, which exercised the sovereignty, was composed of seven *dixains*, which were so many petty republics: each had its high jurisdiction and its council, with a *chatelain* at its head. The deputies of these *dixains*, convoked at Sion by a captain-general, composed a national council, which treated of peace, war, and all affairs that concerned the whole of the country. The Bishop of Sion had a vote and seat in this council; he sealed its acts in quality of count and prefect of the Valais; a dignity which, with the title of prince, had been anciently conferred upon him by the emperors. The money of the country was also coined in his name. The general council appointed the captain of the country, the chancellor, and other officers, and also the seven bailiffs who governed the Lower Valais. Since 1798 all the Valaisans have had a share in the sovereignty, and to the seven old *dixains* have been added five new ones, composed of the inhabitants of the Lower Valais, formerly subject to the Upper.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 14.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XVII.

Do you know what I have been doing? I have been making a propitiatory sacrifice to the blessed memory of Rousseau, which I so cruelly insulted an hour ago: I have exterminated all the infernal

casuistical books in my closet, which had well nigh tempted me to turn Jesuit. From the treatise *De Probabilitate* to Sanchez *De Matrimonio*—of seventeen works with which I had made myself pretty intimately acquainted, there is nothing left but the backs, and one single leaf of the legend of St. Clara, containing the grand demonstration of the Trinity, and which I bethought myself to rescue from the flames as a voucher of my veracity, after the book was completely in a blaze. The fire has consumed all the rest. This *auto-da-fé* took place immediately under the bust of that immortal writer. The more the rising flames spread in the fireplace, the more they tinged his pallid countenance, which, as if glowing with the fire of virtue, looked down upon me. I fancied that I could perceive in his austere looks the highest disapprobation of my levity, and my own cheeks were crimsoned with repentant shame on account of the indiscretions into which I had been allured.

If the images of those thousands who have been canonized were capable of awakening such sensations——ah! who could censure the paying of religious veneration to them? Who could then ridicule the devotion of a tender maiden kneeling before the Madonna beside her bed, in order to strengthen her tottering virtue? Who would venture to banish from his sight a figure that serves to remind him of honour and integrity, whether it were a Borromæus or a Rousseau? —O ye popes, ye deans, and monks, who have placed upon altars a legion of profligates, not for the preservation but for the seduction of virtue—who by flagitious arts harden the tender conscience—who by passports encourage many a weak soul to tread the paths of vice—who suspend consolation for criminals to every lamp that lights your St. Concordias, your Magdalens, and your Madonnas—who by your consecrated relics exalt the imagination, and impose upon the unsuspecting—O ye most reprobate of mankind! O that I could destroy all your niches and chapels, all your sanctuaries consecrated to guilt, as easily as I have annihilated the poisonous pages that were calculated to encourage only the basest passions! And you, my good countrymen, who may chance hereafter to occupy these lodgings, thank me for having purified them of that licentious company, whose ashes will soon be given to all the winds of heaven! Buy instead of them for your recreation the works of Rousseau of your neighbour Fez, and read them in the presence of his bust. Against the charms of the psalm-singing sorceress I have no occasion to warn you—you know her now; and she herself will scarcely trust a heretic again.

The horses are not yet come, anxious as I am to get away from the scene of this odious story, of which I am here most painfully reminded by every object, from the glowing ashes in my fireplace to the empty backs, which, like the skins of serpents and crocodiles, are lying beside them.

Tell me, Edward—Heaven and hell! what do I see? The only spectre from which I have any thing to fear, comes hobbling along the street—approaches nearer—stares with evident surprise at my carriage, which stands at the door ready for my departure—and now—

the horrid figure ascends the stairs. In a word, old Bertilia is returned. But—for mercy's sake--what keeps the horses?—Upon my word, I almost believe that it is necessary for them as well as their driver, to hear mass before their religion permits them to remove a heretic. What will become of me, my dear Edward, if the hag should discover the least trace of my visit to Clara; if she should perceive the rumples made during her absence in her niece's muslin neck-handkerchief, and if the little artful saint, like another Delilah, should betray me to my enemies?—Oh! that the post-horses were but here! But Bastian himself, whom I have sent after them for the third time, does not come back. I seem to myself as though I were betrayed and sold—-'Tis all over with me, Edward—here's the aunt—she knocks at the door--the pen drops from my hand--

I have now, my dear friend, to give you an account of a most unpleasant affair, and I could not have a better opportunity for doing it; for, unluckily, I am brought to such a pass that I am in the custody of an old woman, and cannot for the present converse with a single human being except yourself. As to my journey, I must give up all thoughts of that for to-day; and at times I even feel apprehensive that I may perhaps be detained till the festival of St. Cecilia—God knows for what kind of ceremony.

The execrable woman! She entered my room politely enough, and her countenance had nothing more repulsive than usual. I placed a chair for her opposite to mine, and the following dialogue ensued:

"You are going to leave us already, sir, as I perceive by your preparations."

"Letters from Marseilles, my dear madam, oblige me to set out sooner than I intended. But I mean, God willing, to be back by the 18th of next month. Will you keep the apartments for me till that time?"

"What, sir! so you have heard already of the extraordinary solemnities of that festival? But do you know too what a high price lodgings fetch in this city on that occasion?"

"I do: but the price is of no consequence—what any other would give, I can afford to give too."

"That is very well, sir; but I cannot engage the lodgings for such a time without consulting his reverence the dean. I cannot possibly tell what he may intend to do with the apartments. He may have promised them to a friend, or to avoid disturbance, he may even have resolved to let them stand empty. He has, you know, the superintendence of this charitable institution; and it is but natural—"

"O perfectly natural!" cried I impatiently. "But I cannot conceive what keeps my horses such an unconscionable while."

She would not understand me.

"I am only sorry, sir," continued she, "that you should have occupied the apartments scarcely a fourth part of the time for which you will have to pay."

"Let me beg of you, my dear madam, not to mention such a trifle. The poor will reap the benefit"—and with these words I cast an anxious look at my watch.

"This point," she resumed——

"Only tell me," cried I, interrupting her, "whether the post is far from hence. The best thing I could do would be to run thither myself." So saying I rose from my seat.

"Let me beg of you, sir," replied the obstinate woman, also rising, "not to interrupt me thus incessantly.—This point, I say, was settled before: and so, that I may not delay you, I will just run over the little inventory of the things left for your use—merely for form's sake, as I am sure that all will be right."

These words fell upon me like a thunderbolt. My indiscretion now stared me in the face. How could I be so absent as not to think till this moment of the empty backs of the books, which seemed to wait behind the old woman's chair like witnesses to accuse me! Not having the power to strike her blind, as I would fain have done, I saw no human possibility of getting rid of these evidences of my guilt. Neither could I at once devise any plausible excuse, as though every species of sophistry had been banished from the world by the burning of those books. She leisurely adjusted her spectacles, examined the looking-glass most minutely, notwithstanding the hideous figure which it reflected—turned the bust to the light—spread out the taffeta window-curtains, and just as I was going to throw the hog-skin cover of my trunk over the relics of my victims, she turned her dragon's eyes to the fireplace.

I verily believe, Edward, that an old woman in anger is one of the things that Horace forbids to be brought upon the stage. I shall therefore not attempt to delineate her look; you shall only hear her voice, and that I dare say will be quite enough for you. Not longer than for about one dreadful minute she looked speechless first at me, and then at the backs of the books, as though she doubted the possession of her senses or the fidelity of her spectacles. She stepped nearer, cast a look of despair at the precious heap of ashes, picked up the back of Sanchez—dropped it again with horror, and threw herself down as if frantic, and with folded hands, beside it. A Fury invoking the god of hell cannot present a more hideous figure than she exhibited in this attitude. My hair stood erect, and I started back with mingled awe and horror when her lips began to move. I have not only heard in my lifetime many silly and absurd prayers, but likewise many damnatory and maledictory ones; but never before had such a composition as hers met my ear. At first her expressions were only silly, something like the exordium of many a controversial sermon. "*Sancta Trinitas!*" cried she, "*ora pro nobis!* Charge not to my account, O ye saints and martyrs, the crime committed in this house of God by a despiser of your name!"—But as if she had thereby acquired a right to curse without reserve, she then strung together all the most horrible imprecations that could be picked out of a hundred prayer-books, into an anathem against me, in comparison with which the *Bulla in Cœna Domini** is politeness itself. God for-

* Such is the name given to a piece composed of imprecations and curses,

bid that I should repeat it after her! —I listened to her for a considerable time in patient astonishment —nay, if you please, with a sort of admiration of her infernal eloquence. At length, however, when the poisonous torrent rolled with increased impetuosity—when her lips foamed, and her eyes became more and more inflamed—when she thundered forth that many, not a whit my inferiors, had in her pious country been broken upon the wheel for smaller crimes, and served as food for the crows—and I recollected the miserable fate of the innocent Calas—my bile began to overflow. "Detestable hag!" cried I, "avaunt this instant! Begone to your harlot of a niece, lest I should smother you in the ashes of the generation of vipers which you are lamenting." I then ran, somewhat infected with her fury, and pulled the bell to obtain Bastian's assistance; but while I was ringing like a fool, the witch escaped, and before I could conceive why a person who has been sent to the post cannot possibly be at home, she had taken away the key and locked the door on the outside. It was now obvious enough how much she had the advantage of me, as the ebullition of my just indignation had rendered me blind to all the minor circumstances that might have been serviceable to me: whereas she, notwithstanding her rage, never lost sight of the smallest occasion to gratify her malice.

This scene, Edward, has quite confounded me. I cannot make out to my satisfaction the situation in which I stand in regard to the hospital, or duly balance the *pros* and *cons* of my case. That I have burned some books belonging to a charitable institution is very true: —but, good God! what kind of books! Does he deserve the gallows who steals poison, for the purpose of throwing it into a pit, that none of his fellow-creatures may receive injury from it? Yes indeed, if murderers are his judges. This is not the most cheering of prospects, and I fear—I very much fear, that I shall have to pay dearly for the sacrifice that I have offered to the memory of the immortal Rousseau.

I have just heard them locking all the doors of the ante-room and of the house, and now I see the aunt and niece running across the street—Heaven knows for what assistants of their spite. Let them collect all the judges and executioners in the city for what I care; I would rather have to contend, as a man of experience observes, with lions and dragons than with one enraged woman. That nothing good for me can proceed from the conjunction of the artifice of age and the affronted feelings of youth, is sufficiently evident. How powerfully will the grudge of the pious damsel, which is scarcely an hour old, and which must be the more dangerous the more it is concealed, second the loud accusation of the aunt before the ministers of justice

which has for centuries been read every Maundy-Thursday, in the presence of the popes, against all those whom they honour with the appellation of *heretics*. When it is finished, a burning torch is dashed upon the ground, as an emblem of the anathema which they hurl in spirit upon those who presume to think differently from themselves. A most edifying festival at Rome!

to whom they are hastening! How severely will the devout psalmist make me suffer for the slight which I offered to her charms and her indulgences! How dearly shall I have to pay for all the crosses that my awkwardness erased! She need only support the ardent zeal of her worthy aunt with a few crocodile tears—she need only, when her superior is considering of the matter, to allow St. Nicaise a little air, or attract the eye of the judge, as she did mine, by the picturesque folds of her drapery, and lead him, by the most insane of all conclusions, to seek proofs of innocence behind them, and my transgressions against God and his church will appear as evident and as heinous as the old dragon can desire.—O deceitful sex! why has Nature enveloped thee in that beauteous cover, which frustrates all endeavours to ascertain thy real figure? Why has she disguised thy hideousness with charms which deceive the most sharp-sighted of men? And, alas! why has she left but one way to the mazy labyrinth of thy heart? How different would have been my situation at this moment, if——But why should I wish myself back from Clara's chambers more guilty than—God be praised!—I really left her? For the paltry advantage—though condemned by my conscience—of passing in the eyes of such persons for a man of honour and good-breeding, and as one who is worthy of belonging to their religion!

I regret the necessity of parting from you, Edward; but prudence commands it. When one man has to cope with two exasperated females, the best thing he can do is to devise all possible means of counteracting their malignity before it is reinforced by other passions, which are always at hand, and it proves to be too late. I hope yet to find time to continue my chat with you, when I have determined upon measures of defence. Would to Heaven that to-morrow—for what remains of to-day will certainly be too short for the purpose—may suffice, if not to retrieve, at least to neutralize all this morning's follies!—Indeed, Edward, when I entered upon this year, I could not have dreamt that I should conclude the first week in it with such a wish.

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF CONJUGAL CONCEALMENT.

(Continued from p. 97.)

"I PROMISED to obey Bromly's injunctions, and when my husband returned, assumed an air of cheerfulness, which was foreign to my heart. The tenderness of his behaviour to me and the dear boy would sometimes dispel my suspicions: but then again I should imagine he was overjoyed at his treachery to me being undiscovered. Every trifle tended to awaken my suspicion, and of course to destroy my peace. Judge how I was again alarmed when Beville said to me, 'My dear Clara, indispensable business again calls me from home! Believe me, I will use all possible despatch to return. In the mean time be careful of your health, and that of our dear child;

for remember, the happiness of your Beville depends upon you. My friend Bromly informs me that he is about to leave us; I will not, therefore, permit you to remain in solitude any longer than while I am transacting the confidential business which now calls for my attention.'

"Thus saying, he left me a prey to my own wretched reflections. His departure seemed an undoubted confirmation. Bromly was about to take leave: he was, however, he said, unwilling to leave me in a state of such anxiety and suspense; warned me against jealousy, and spoke in the highest terms of my husband, whose character he professed himself desirous to vindicate. My tears continued to flow, and my emissary to procure information. Her behaviour now appeared as if she feared to speak the worst. I entreated, I insisted; at length she exclaimed, 'Madam, why force me to tell you that my master is gone to London? By his servant I have gained this intelligence. The lady who is your rival, is gone thither also, and Mr. Beville has taken bills with him, of great value.'

"As when a whirlwind bursts from its cavern, and suddenly overturns every thing in its way; so did reason fall prostrate before the rage which jealousy kindled in my soul. 'Ungrateful man!' said I, 'never more shall he behold the injured Clara. I will fly. I will remove far distant from him. Nor shall my child be subjected to the imperious rival of my happiness. No, we will go! Virtue and innocence will protect us!' Bromly now made his appearance. He pitied my distraction, owned himself too clearly convinced of Beville's infidelity, but professed himself at a loss how to advise.—'Advice, sir,' I replied, 'is not required. My resolution is fixed. I instantly prepare to leave this country.'—'Ill-fated and ungrateful Beville,' said Bromly, "to drive an amiable wife to this rash, though, perhaps, necessary step! I must own, madam, your husband proves unworthy your esteem. Go then, unfortunate, injured Mrs. Beville, and allow me to prove myself your friend. Permit me to be your protector.'

"'Not for the universe,' I replied, 'should you be the partner of my flight. However unworthy my husband may be of my love, my heart cannot forget the respect due to its virtue; nor will I incur a suspicion to the contrary. I will only ask your advice as to the manner of my preparing for the Continent. I have some property, exclusively my own; it will be enough for me and my dear deserted child, who shall partake my solitude. However, sir, may your friend live to repent his errors, and to retrace his unhappy course!'

"I bade my servant to pack up all my valuables, and resentment seeming to give me wings, we made a very rapid journey to Brussels. I left a letter for Beville, reproaching him with his infidelity, and assuring him of my unalterable determination to see him no more. Here I arrived, fatigued both in mind and body. Reflection took place, and I could not forbear to wonder at the celerity which had conducted me into a foreign country. Yet I still thought myself perfectly justifiable in the mea-

sures I had taken, and began to form plans for my future conduct. Indeed I felt a triumph in the superiority of virtue even when suffering under the pain inflicted by the vice of others. Alas! short was my triumph, short the applause of my own conduct! Full of such thoughts as reconciled me to every inconveniency, I was one day deeply absorbed in thought, when I was informed that a gentleman begged to see me. Before I could answer, Bromly appeared! I was surprised to see him, and by no means agreeably. But how great was my terror, indignation, and astonishment when he avowed that love had brought him to Brussels! and dared to add, that I was the object of his passion! I could not command patience to hear another syllable. I asked him how he dared to insult my misfortunes. Just resentment had, indeed, impelled me to leave my husband; but Beville was still dear, even though faithless. 'My love of virtue remains inviolable, and the only favour I can entreat from Mr. Bromly is, that I may see him no more.'—'So you hate me, madam?'—'I must, and ever shall! for you have added insult in speech to injury in thought.'—'And hatred, madam,' the fiend replied with a malicious smile, 'demands revenge; mine is already complete—Beville supposes you eloped with me. I have taken care he should think so.'—'Barbarous, detested monster!' I returned, 'thou hast blotted my fair fame for ever! Fly, lest the earth absorb so complicate a villain!'—'One word more,' said he, 'before I remove the hated Bromly from your sight. Know, to your confusion, that you had no rival in Beville's affection: his journey was for the romantic purpose of secretly relieving a friend from the horrors of a prison.' Thus saying, the wretch departed, leaving a letter on the table.

"O madam, to paint the horror, the distraction of my mind, is impossible! Jealousy, baneful passion! had undone me, and want of candour ruined my reputation and my husband's peace. My son, my dear Augustus, was a continual reproach to me. My whole misguided conduct passed in review before my maddened imagination. Beville had every reason to think me guilty, for appearances combined against me in all their force. To return to England was impossible; to remain in Brussels, where the malice of Bromly might still annoy me deeply, was dangerous. I became ill; tears were my only resource, but I found pity in your look of compassionate sympathy. On opening the letter left by Bromly, I found the real cause of my husband's absence. Too late did I discover the reason, too late was convinced of his innocence. Generous, ever dear Beville! thou hast learned to reckon thy heart-broken Clara among the number of those despised on earth, and rejected by Heaven.

"I came hither without being able to determine on any future plan. My health, as you may perceive, declines fast. My son! my dear Augustus! when I think of thee, a stranger, an unhappy exile in a foreign land!"

"Will you, madam," said Mrs. Margrove, "consider me as your friend? Will you accept my offer-

ed protection? Mr. Margrove is equally ready as myself to prove the sincerity of our wishes. We will send to England; we will endeavour to reconcile Mr. Beville, while you shall remain with us. Be assured your son shall not be forgotten."

"Were I capable of receiving consolation," said Mrs. Beville, "I should be encouraged to hope much from your generous assurances; but, alas! madam, I cannot hope any reconciliation with my husband. The world believes me criminal. Noble-minded as he is, yet his notions of honour are nice, and his temper firm. No, madam, I have forfeited all pretensions to happiness in this world. My only care must now be for my son. Your friendship is the most consolatory resource. I will remove when you think proper."

Mrs. Margrove was glad to receive her assent, and immediately made preparations for her reception. Every day she became more dear to them; her beauty and her sufferings formed a claim, which hearts so philanthropic could not resist. She had indeed erred, but it was a fault of the head; her heart had never for an instant revolted against virtue. A thousand times she repeated her earnest prayer, that Mr. Beville might survive to be convinced of her innocence. Mrs. Margrove's accounts from England were too distressing to be communicated to the invalid. These accounts stated, that Mrs. Beville's guilt was fully accredited, and that Mr. Beville had left the kingdom, the place of his residence being quite unknown.

In a very few months the infant Augustus was bequeathed by his dying mother to the care of the generous Margroves. The death of the amiable Mrs. Beville threw a shade of deep concern over their reflections for no short period of time. The youthful Augustus had been made acquainted with the errors and misfortunes of his parents:—may he avoid the improper example of concealment in the one, and the excess of credulity in the other!

THE REEDS OF THE TIBER.

By Madame DE GENLIS.

(Continued from p. 84.)

BURMOND's directions were strictly obeyed, and the letter was delivered to Rozeval. The despair of the unfortunate young man was too violent for consolation. He had many friends in London, whom he owed not only to his talents, but also to the excellence of his disposition and the nobleness of his character: they did not desert him on this afflicting occasion. He fell dangerously ill, and it was even feared in his convalescence that his reason would have sunk under the violence of his grief: they succeeded in restoring him a little only by reminding him, and incessantly repeating to him, that Urania had relied on his virtue, his courage, and that she had enjoined him to cultivate his talents. "Ah! I shall doubtless obey her," said he, "if I can without dying! But how can I again take up that flute which has

been from our early years the interpreter of my heart? Every note which it has hitherto produced expressed a feeling of joy or hope. I must cultivate my talent. Alas! this talent, matured, brought to perfection by love, this useless and unfortunate talent, no longer exists; it is buried with her in the tomb! All those elevated ideas with which she inspired me, all those illusions, are annihilated for me. I shall hereafter be but a vulgar musician! I have irretrievably lost all emulation, and all hope of recompence!" With these words he shed a torrent of tears. Nevertheless, from a religious respect for the last wishes of Urania, he caused his flute to be brought to him—he shuddered as he again took it up. He at first produced only plaintive notes, interrupted by frequent pauses; and never did music so well express deep affliction. All listened to him with surprise and emotion. He took a melancholy delight in hearing himself. Suddenly, wishing to desist from rending his heart, he began to play the accompaniment to the sonata of Corelli; at the end of a few bars the music indicated a pause for the flute, during which time the harpsichord only must play. Rozeval stopped—he became motionless, turned pale, and exclaimed in a concentrated voice, "Oh! it is no longer the silence of absence! How dreadful, how terrible it is! It must be eternal, it is that of death!" At these words his flute dropped from his hand, he staggered, and one of his friends ran and caught him in his arms.

These violent emotions did not prevent him from playing every evening, but always with the same oppression of heart and the same anxiety.

Having at length resolved to travel in Italy, he accepted the offer of an English nobleman who was going to Florence, and who wished him to accompany him. They set out at the beginning of March, and arrived at Florence towards the latter end of April. This nobleman intended to remain there at least five months, and Rozeval, being unable to endure the company of twenty or thirty persons every day at dinner, requested permission to spend some time at Rome. It was not a desire to see that famous city which induced Rozeval to leave Florence. Nothing damps curiosity like profound grief. Rozeval only wished to devote himself to absolute solitude. He was furnished with numerous letters of recommendation; but, determined to see nobody, he made no use of them. His patrimony ensured to him the means of subsistence without exercising his profession: this was sufficient for him; he no longer possessed ambition, nor felt any concern for the future.

Rozeval took a lodging at Rome, which he never quitted except to go to church, or to walk out beyond the walls of the city. Faithful to the vow which he had made to obey Urania, he always played upon his flute before he went abroad; for he was so fatigued with his long walks, that he immediately retired to rest on his return. He soon became celebrated, much against his wish. His interesting and dejected appearance excited the attention of all his neighbours. The windows

of his room looked towards the court of his house, and whenever he played upon his flute this court was filled with the curious, who flocked from all quarters to hear him. Among these persons were many eminent musicians, who were charmed at the superiority of his talent. He received numberless cards of invitation, but he replied to them only by cold and laconic politeness, and by positive refusals. Among those who in vain invited him to their houses was a young widow named Rosanna, who was passionately attached to music. She evinced such a desire to hear Rozeval, that she went and listened to him in the court of his house—and it was with enthusiasm. She repaired thither several times, and one day, concealed behind a door, she saw Rozeval pass by: she admired his elegant and dignified figure, and his melancholy and affecting looks. This image was indelibly engraved upon her heart. Rozeval was in mourning: his servant informed her that it was for an adored wife. Several persons who had come from Florence, concurred in praising his genius and disposition. Rosanna learned all these circumstances; she was young, rich, and beautiful, and flattered herself that in a little time she should succeed in consoling this stranger, so interesting by his appearance, his talents, and his grief. She knew Lorenzi (from whom, as I have stated, I received these particulars), who not only lodged in the same house which Rozeval inhabited, but whose chamber was separated from that of the latter only by a partition.

Rosanna, under pretence of her passion for music, went almost every day with one of her relations to Lorenzi's house, at the time when Rozeval usually played upon the flute. When he played extempore, he expressed such tender and affecting regret, that Rosanna was affected even to tears. She imagined that this unfortunate young man opened his heart to her, and implored her pity; and, in hopes of becoming his comforter, she experienced a melancholy satisfaction in persuading herself that she was his confidante; for she conceived it to be impossible that he was ignorant she heard him, and yet this was actually the case. He asked no questions, neither did he notice what passed around him. He merely observed that people assembled in the court of his house to hear him, but he thought that this whim would soon wear off; yet, as it daily became more and more thronged, he wished to get rid of this importunity, and determined henceforth to play only in his solitary rambles without the city. On passing through the Porto del Popolo, and walking along the Tiber, he resolved to spend an hour every evening in a charming spot which he had remarked on its banks, a short distance from the gate; it was a bank of green turf surrounded by reeds, which near this river grow to a prodigious height: three stately poplars shade this bank, which was doubtless made by a friend of the Muses and of antiquity. There every thing encourages reverie; there every thing recalls the sweet illusions of mythology, together with the grand events of history. When the reeds are agitated by a slight breeze, they emit different sounds, the union of

which produces a vague and delicious symphony. These plaintive and affecting sounds are nearly always in perfect thirds, and pass successively from the major to the minor.

You might imagine that you heard the lamentations of the fugitive Syrinx, or the regrets expressed on the first flute, of which her lover was the inventor. These singular effects are attributed to the extraordinary height and size of these reeds; and when they bend and strike against one another, their harmonious vibrations seem to serve as an accompaniment to the wind, which plays among their hollow and sonorous stems—aërial melody, equally sweet and pure, of which the Æolian harp can alone convey any idea*.

Rosanna, not hearing from Lorenzi's apartment as usual the enchanting sounds of the affecting and plaintive flute of Rozeval, soon learned that he went every evening to muse on the banks of the Tiber. She easily guessed that he stopped at the seat of green turf; she well knew this place, where she herself had a thousand times rested in her long walks, and conceived that it would be very practicable to proceed thither unseen, and conceal herself among the reeds, which there form a kind of forest.

Rozeval lived in profound retirement. He had not asked a single question during the five weeks he had resided at Rome; consequently he was wholly unacquainted with the phenomenon produced by the reeds of the Tiber. For the first week that he played upon his flute in this solitary spot the weather was calm, and the reeds remained mute and motionless. He visited it in a few days in the like weather, but scarcely had he played a quarter of an hour when the wind suddenly rose. Rozeval stopped, and starting from his seat, exclaimed, "What do I hear? O Heaven, she answers me! It is her celestial voice, and the harmonious sounds of her harp. What did I say?—It is her angelic spirit hovering around me, manifesting itself, and speaking to me. I must hear it on my knees."

With these words he knelt down: at this instant three agitated reeds bent over his head, and sounded in his ear the most harmonious notes.

Rozeval still kneeling, melted into tears; it was Urania to whom he was listening—his imagination represented her to him in the midst of a group of angels, who united their divine voices to hers. The wind, which produced the motion and sound of the reeds, also wafted to those banks sweet perfumes from the adjacent fields and surrounding lemon-trees.

Rozeval fancied that he inhaled the balmy air of celestial abodes, which he saw half open, or rather imagined he was transported thither. These moving and religious illusions purified his love of every thing profane, and took from his grief all bitterness and pungency. To him the approach of death had no terror: he was surrounded by the glory and immortality of Urania. The wind now abated; a slight breeze still gently agitated the long leaves of the reeds: he heard only

* These particulars are strictly true. The harmonious effects, as described above, are familiar to all who have resided some time at Rome.

faint and interrupted sounds, resembling sighs, and which were to Rozeval tender adieus.

The day closed, and Rozeval arose: he perceived a fog, which he took for a light cloud, and his awe equalled his astonishment on discerning through this supposed cloud, an elegant figure, which stretched out her arms, and appeared as she receded to soar towards heaven: a thin white dress displayed all the beauty of her form and all the gracefulness of her movements. "Oh! it is she!" cried Rozeval, "it is she!"—"Yes," replied an harmonious voice; "adieu, Rozeval!" With these words she disappeared. Rozeval, dismayed, remained on the bank. The fog ascended and mingled with the clouds: Rozeval followed it with his eye. It was there that he looked for, and still contemplated Urania. He did not experience that transient intoxication which always leaves restlessness in the recesses of the soul: all his sensations were delicious, because they were pure: he was no longer exiled to earth, he had seen heaven, he had entered into eternity. He will henceforth be among men but as a phantom, a shadow: this apparition, these prodigies had broken all the bonds which attached his soul to this frail and perishable body. He passed two hours in this divine ecstasy, and these were the most delicious moments of his life. During all this time he never ceased to repeat: "She is happy; she is waiting for me; we shall meet again." It was no longer a passion embittered by the most melancholy presentiments, a passion which was destined to be extinguished with youth, but a tenderness purified by the grandest ideas that can exalt the imagination: it was the commencement of an immortal felicity. It was at length necessary to return to Rome: the moon, bursting through the clouds, suddenly dispelled the gloom; every thing appeared a prodigy to Rozeval; he viewed this sudden light as supernatural: with eyes raised towards heaven, he contemplated with deep emotions of love and gratitude, that bright orb which seemed to shine only to light him on his way. Having reached his lodging, he passed the greater part of the night in recollecting what he had heard and seen. When sleep overpowered him, he closed his eyes pronouncing the name of Urania; and he again beheld her angelic image and heaven in his dreams.

Whilst his ardent imagination thus sanctified his passion, Rosanna indulged in very different illusions: it was she who, concealed behind the reeds of the Tiber, to listen to the flute of Rozeval, had disappeared from his view; it was she whom he had discerned through the fog when he imagined he saw Urania rise out of the water among the reeds, and ascend towards heaven. Rosanna had several times met Rozeval, who had occasionally cast a vacant look at her: but what woman of twenty, of extraordinary beauty, would imagine a person looked vacantly at her, and especially as she had a passionate desire to please and interest? Rozeval possessed the most expressive eyes; and Rosanna attributing their natural expression to a particular sentiment, flattered herself that she

had produced a strong impression on his heart. When she had left the reeds for the purpose of returning to her carriage, she had through the fog perceived Rozeval at a distance, and had distinctly heard him exclaim, "It is she!" These words were imprinted in her mind; not doubting that they were addressed to her, and thinking that he knew her, she could not forbear answering him. She nevertheless felt no desire to revisit the banks of the Tiber. Rozeval had seen her; the exclamation which escaped him, expressed all that love can desire —agitation and joy: it was therefore for him henceforward to seek her; she accordingly expected him: but it was in vain. Rozeval had looked at her without noticing her: he was ignorant of her name, and even of her existence: he had now but one single recollection, one single idea—that of the celestial harmony of the reeds of the Tiber; he had now but one image in view —that of the apparition of Urania; all that occurred previously to this period of happiness and ecstasy was erased from his memory: he was not even desirous of calling to mind the happy days of his love: this recollection would be too profane for the state of his soul, the exaltation of his thoughts and imagination. He fancied he had loved for the first time on the banks of the Tiber: it was there that he had felt, that he had tasted, all the ravishing charm of the purity of an immortal passion. He regarded all worldly concerns as the most despicable trifles; his only care was, to render himself worthy of rejoining his Urania.

He commonly spent the morning in the admirable church of St. Peter, and the evening on the banks of the Tiber: but the reeds no longer sounded: the heat was intense, not a breeze was stirring, and the weather continued in this state upwards of a fortnight. Rozeval was not astonished that the prodigies which had so deeply affected him were not repeated; nevertheless this harmonious spot was not less dear to him: he there indulged in melancholy recollections and reveries. One evening, quitting the reeds later than usual, he quickened his pace, because he perceived by the gloominess of the night that a storm was approaching. On his return home, being much fatigued, he instantly retired to rest. Awaking in about two hours, he listened—his heart throbbed violently--he heard--he recognised the enchanting sounds of the reeds of the Tiber, but much softer than before; it was not in symphony. Rozeval imagined that there was but one voice, which modulated mysteriously, as if afraid to awake him. Rozeval clasped his hands with transport, the tears poured down his face. "Divine voice," said he, "what wouldst thou with me? Doubtless some good actions which I have failed to perform, or which remain for me to do? Beloved voice! each vibration of which conveys to the recesses of my soul a virtuous sentiment, I will obey thee."

As he spoke these words the music ceased, and Rozeval in vain listened during the remainder of the night, for he heard no more.

On rising, Rozeval recollected

having seen near the Tiber, close to the Villa Borghèse, several ruinous cottages: he resolved to visit them the same day, and to take with him some money for the purpose of charity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF FALSEHOOD.

Charles Darnley and Edward Williams had been friends from childhood; they began life at the same time, and with nearly the same prospects; both were possessed of handsome fortunes, but their dispositions were somewhat different: Williams was desirous to enjoy his income in a life of elegant privacy; Darnley, on the contrary, wished to push his fortune at court. He was of an active disposition, had considerable interest in the great world, and soon succeeded in obtaining a post at once honourable and lucrative.

Williams settled in the country. For some time the friends kept up an intercourse by letter, but it ceased by degrees, and many years elapsed without their meeting or even hearing from each other.

One day Darnley was told that a gentleman desired to see him; at first he thought that he beheld a stranger, but, to his no small surprise, he recognised on a second view the features of his old friend; but so altered, so care-worn, that he could scarcely believe it was indeed the healthy and animated companion of his boyish days.

A long intercourse with the world had not deadened the natural warmth of Darnley's heart; he embraced his friend, and inquired, with the utmost cordiality, to what the change in his appearance was owing. He found that through a law-suit, which was at first apparently trivial, the spirits of Williams had been harassed for a series of years, and the loss of it had finally deprived him of all he possessed. Darnley bade his friend take comfort; he offered him a supply of cash, and told him to rely upon his interest and his wish to serve him. Williams declined the money; he professed himself determined not to owe even a temporary pecuniary obligation to any one, but he eagerly caught at the offer which Darnley made to serve him with his interest. In fact, it was to request this that he had visited him: there was a place then vacant, which, if he could obtain it, would secure a competence to him and his family.

"Nothing can be more fortunate," cried Darnley when he heard this: "I have some influence with the minister; I will hasten to exert it, and I think I can venture to say that I am certain of success."

Williams departed in high spirits, and Darnley went immediately to the levee of the premier.

It happened that the minister had something to say to Darnley; he took him into a corner of the room, and conferred with him for some time. A person who hated and envied Darnley, was present; he observed what passed with visible vexation; and Darnley, elated at what he considered as a triumph, totally forgot his promise to Williams.

No sooner had he quitted the minister, than his conscience reproached him with his neglect, and he sat down to repair it by writing to solicit the place for his friend. Just as he began his letter, a person whom he had long wished to attach to the interest of the minister, called upon him; and Darnley, in his eagerness to be of service to his patron, once more forgot the situation of poor Williams.

It was late before this gentleman quitted Darnley, who was just stepping into his carriage to go out to dinner when Williams appeared. Ashamed of his neglect, and yet unwilling to own it, Darnley hastily assured his friend that the business was done; that he might depend upon having the post: and Williams, full of joy and gratitude, hastened back to his lodgings, to write an account of his success to his expecting family.

Though angry with himself for his forgetfulness, Darnley never suspected that any ill consequence would result from it. He had that morning conferred such an important service on the minister, by securing to his party the gentleman of whom we have just spoken, that he felt assured no request of his would at the moment be refused; and he resolved to go early the next morning to communicate the intelligence of his success, and to solicit the vacant post for Williams.

The following morning, while he was dressing for that purpose, Williams rushed in. He had just heard that the place was given away, and that only the very night before. He had thus discovered, that Darnley, in telling him he had asked for it, asserted a positive falsehood; and in the violence of his rage and disappointment, he used expressions which Darnley imagined his honour obliged him to resent. To be brief, they fought, and Darnley was mortally wounded.

Before they met, Darnley made a hasty will, by which he bequeathed to Williams a considerable part of his property, and exonerated him from all blame in the duel, in which he declared himself the sole aggressor. He lingered nearly two days after he received his wound, and during that time he used every argument which friendship and humanity could devise, to reconcile the unfortunate Williams to himself.

His arguments, however, were vain; the wild transports of grief and remorse to which Williams at first abandoned himself, did in time subside, but his peace of mind was irrevocably gone. He was tried for the murder of Darnley in a duel, but the jury brought him in guilty of manslaughter only. But this acquittal could not silence the voice of conscience, which incessantly reproached him for his crime. His slumbers were haunted by the image of Darnley expiring in his arms, and spending his last breath in assuring him of his forgiveness. This image, so agonizing to his feelings, was never absent from his thoughts; and from that period to the day of his death, he was never seen to smile.

Such were the consequences of a falsehood, uttered without reflection and with no ill intention.—Alas! it is not in this case only, that a slight deviation from truth has been severely punished.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: *Sketched from Nature.*

(Continued from p. 93.)

At length I began, as I thought, to feel myself violently in love with Philippina Gondiberta, whose heart was not steeled against the tender passion. Her mother was a good-natured, indolent soul, who took her snuff and wished to live without trouble, and whose chief ambition was to see her daughters dress as well as those of the exciseman. The whole family exerted themselves greatly for my benefit, at which a play was to be got up in the first style. I had determined to spare no expense which *credit* could procure for the gratification of my vanity. At length the long-expected evening arrived; the manager's wife kindly undertook to receive the money and the tickets at the door, which she did in the dress of the poverty-struck Belvidera; glittering, however, in all the pomp of tarnished fringe and lack-lustre steel buttons. Our theatre was certainly far superior to that at H——, for we had four scenes and a red curtain, with pit and boxes. At length two fiddles played the overture; the cracked muffin-bell rang, and I entered, greeted with unbounded applause from all parts of the house. But not so my father, the aged Priuli; his unfortunate pronunciation from the side of the Liffy raised the risible faculties of my friends; and those once excited, farewell to all attempts at a hearing. We were dismally in want of properties, and our hall of senators was wofully deficient. An old deal table painted red, on which was placed a piece of sail-cloth, composed a sort of desk; behind which was seated a young lady, who, with an old tie-wig, played first senator. There were but three persons on the stage; and when my papa, Priuli, in his Hibernian accent, exclaimed, "Let us *dessalve* the council!" a roar of laughter convulsed the whole house. *First* senator quietly *backed* out; my Dulcinea bit her lips in agony; but methought I saw her sister, Laura Matilda, "smile in the tumult, and enjoy the storm." It was in vain to attempt stopping the roar of the gods; and a brother actor, who chose to pronounce my friend's name Pierrey, added much to their entertainment. So long as my audience kept in good-humour, we cared not; our feelings were too much blunted to feel hurt at their obstreperous mirth; besides, my compeers had their benefit to get.

The play over, with great pleasure I looked forward to the enactment of my *ballet*. I treated my little Cupids with Spanish liquorice and bull's-eyes, fastened their wings on with my own hands, procured gin and water for the goddesses, and a bottle of rum for Jove and his satellites; nay, I even indulged Apollo with a *pipe*. I had contrived that the powers above should be let down by a blanket, and peep from between clouds of tissue paper. I waited in the greatest agitation till all my deities were seated; they were descending most heavenly, when the villanous beam snapped, and they fell, like the giants of old, to the earth. Venus kicked out one

of Juno's teeth, and Mercury got "a pretty decent tumble." Pity me, ye projectors of scenic effect, for this mischance was not all! Jove got too tipsy to stand, and I was obliged to read his song. My Cupids, too, on whom I depended so much, became sulky, and would not dance until they had finished quarreling about some halfpence thrown from the galleries: they kept the doves and Venus waiting till she swore, though not by Styx, she would wait no longer; our clouds would not ascend, and we dropped the curtain. The farce was hurried over, my songs concluded, and I saw with pleasure a once-full house departing. I joined my friends, lamenting the unhappy descent of the ethereals; but they applauded my ingenuity to the very skies, and declared all would have been excellent if it had not—been *otherwise*. A hot supper was prepared at my return to Mrs. Wireman's. I considered this as a grand epocha in my life—my heart was full. I ventured to salute my dear Philippina before her mother, and demand her permission to become her dutiful son-in-law. Fain would I have wrung from her a cold consent, but she demanded time, though I might still hope for her acquiescence. I left them with rapture, notwithstanding I saw the visible chagrin of Laura Matilda. When I visited them the following morning, I found the rejected Matilda alone; her looks evidently chid me for the preference I had shewn for her sister. I, however, snatched her hand, and throwing myself on one knee, exclaimed,

"What is my guilt that makes me so wish you?
Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?
Have I not lived whole days upon thy sight?
Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been,
And, mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,
And doated upon nothing?"

This serio-comic appeal seemed to appease her, and I bent my way to the manager, to reap my garish honour. How, alas! were my hopes sunk when he informed me, that, after paying the expenses of the house, tradespeople, extra Cupids, and peas for a hail-storm, with rosin for lightning, 18s. 9½d. was all I could claim! I rushed to my little milliner in a paroxysm of disappointment. I threw my all into her lap, and striking my forehead, said,

"Yes, all—and then, adieu for ever!
There's ne'er a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's wither'd in the ripening."

My intended mamma coolly pitied my situation: yet I was free; my doors were not "mewed nor damm'd up with merciless creditors," and I had still favour in the eyes of the townspeople. I returned at tea-time, and met my Belvidera solus. I pressed my suit. Philippina expressed a wish to try the stage, and I was blind enough to cherish the propensity.

With such prospects as we had before us, Mrs. Wireman was far from being satisfied: she too late regretted the frivolity of her daughter's education; but her resistance was unavailing, and, as opposition only made her daughter more determined, she left us to our fate. Though matrimony, without consideration, is seldom productive of happiness, the first thing we did

was to enter into the holy state; having done this, I wrote to my father to ask his advice: he informed me that my mother had long been numbered with the dead; that he discarded me for ever, but that my loving brother had sent me a five-pound note, the last remittance I could ever expect; and concluded his epistle by informing me I should die on a dunghill, and desiring never to hear from me more.

Time for a while rolled merrily on, but our bliss was of short duration. My little woman was a bit of a Tartar, and gifted with a tongue which required all my skill to keep in proper subjection. She, moreover, prided herself on possessing a proper spirit—but how proper, hang me if ever I could find out. Our little fortune being exhausted, we found it necessary to hit upon some plan for its renovation; and hearing of a company of players in Netherby, we lost no time in repairing thither.

Having arranged our terms with the manager, my dear Philippina made her *débût* in that town in the character of Floranthe in *The Mountaineers*, and I played Octavian. Well do I remember with what indignation she refused to act the part unless in trowsers and a long coat, and with what rosy blushes she received the salutes of those who by the drama's laws were allowed to salute her! To do her justice, she was perfect in her part, and I regarded her as some future Siddons or Jordan, born to enlighten the theatrical hemisphere. As we were at no great distance from her mother, she often sent to inquire after our welfare; but my wife, I am sorry to say, became indifferent about a parent, who, however lax she might have been in instilling maxims of religion and virtue, still loved her daughter with much affection. Time, however, has convinced me, that tears may be shed from passion as well as grief, and pity expressed only to cover sinister purposes. I had seen my deary weep bitterly at the death of a favourite bird—what then was my astonishment to behold her bear with indifference the death of the only parent she had left! Miss Laura Matilda, however, soon gave her reason to repent of her inattention; for she sent us a letter, declaring that Mrs. Wireman had left the whole of her stock to her—plate, linen, and effects.

At the usual time I was presented with a son and heir; but so thoroughly was I become disgusted with theatricals, that I treated with sovereign contempt the persuasions of Philippina, who wished to have the child christened Orlando; and flying into the other extreme, I gave him the name of Habbakuk. My wife, however, had the obstinacy—I beg her pardon—the perseverance, to retain her favourite name, while by me he was recognised by that of *Habby;* an abbreviation which I grant is more to be praised for its brevity than its poetical roundness.

We remained with this manager nearly two years, not living, but vegetating on a pound per week. We performed all sorts of parts, and my better half no longer suffered delicacy to interfere with the professional duties; so easily were the bounds of modesty overstepped, and so much had public applause vitiated her morals. This debase-

ment of her mind for a long time seriously affected me; but distress soon blunted these feelings, and the high spirit I once possessed became degenerate and bent to every circumstance of indignity. In the same night have I played Muley, Lope, Tocho, and Sadi in *The Mountaineers*—left the stage to take money at the door in the playing costume, and then leaped into a saw-pit, which served for an orchestra, to scrape a three-stringed fiddle; besides singing between the acts. All this poverty of stage effect I have enacted with, and that not ten years from 1818, and within two miles of the great metropolis; yes, these deeds has Camden-Town witnessed, and Hampstead youths have given that applause as a mockery of our poverty, which our vanity sometimes scored to our dramatic talent. I should probably have remained till now on this circuit, had I not quarreled with the manager, which I did for his contempt of my abilities; for careless as I had become of my private character with the world, I was tremblingly alive to any slur cast on my public one by any of our *corps dramatique*.

The tragedy of *Macbeth* was to have been acted, of course by *particular desire*, and the manager as usual was to play the Scot. Extra candles were lighted on the occasion; the fiddler had played all the tunes he could play, till the very fiddle groaned under his exertions; the Miss Wriggles, our patronesses, of the preparatory seminary, were all accommodated as per contract; the baker's wife and the butcher's helpmate were seated—but no Macbeth! What was to be done? All shewed long faces; the lady manageresses grew outrageous, and the little masters screamed from disappointment. The fiddle played a *da capo*, the witches were all ready, and the brazier's apprentice claimed his free admission for watching the iron pot which was to form our cauldron. Seven o'clock came—half-past seven—and no manager! A messenger was despatched to the Barley-Mow, but no Scot was there. At length, " from *the sudden illness* of the gentleman who was to have played Macbeth," I was called upon to perform the part, which " I undertook at a short notice, throwing myself on the indulgence of an enlightened audience." The applause for this kindness was thundering, and I became perfectly satisfied with my exertions. The play went on swimmingly; the little masters cried at our witches, and one of the young ladies fainted at our thunder and lightning, for the fellow who held the candle and rosin, suffered the former to *emblazon* our green curtain. We were generous—the peas were resorted to for a storm, and every body said it was very like a storm. I had already finished one act, and was throwing a cloak over my dress, to sing Billy Taylor, when the manager, whose senses had been previously overcome by too large a portion of nectar, entered the *theatre*, and was desirous of tearing the laurels from my brow. He was determined, he said, to redeem his character—to " retrieve his life with half the loss of mine:" he had arrayed himself in my striped petticoat, when I snatched up my wife's black bonnet and feathers,

seized my sword, and rushed on the stage at the O. P. side at the precise time that my opponent made his *débût* and apology at P. S. He then began:

"Is *that* a dagger which I see before me?"

while I, at the other side of the stage, vociferated,

"Is *this* a dagger which I see before me?"

Neither of us was disposed to yield; the idea of two Macbeths created peals of laughter. He assumed the right of performing as manager, and as the original Scottish king; while I was determined to proceed in that line in which I had commenced with such *éclât*. Thus we continued to the end of the tragedy: he had his partisans, I mine; had a spark of good-nature been left in either of our breasts, all this might have been converted to a joke at the expense of the audience; but the blood of Cawdor's thane was too hot for a composition. At length, on my coming on at the end of the play to sing, which he could not, "Cruel Molly Jenkins," the thunders of applause which I received were so great as to overpower all opposition; and to the no small entertainment of the company and my brother actors behind the scenes, my triumph was completed by my rival treading on the remaining part of our hail-storm, and he fell, by the agency of an old grey pea, prostrate on the floor *à la Coates*, amidst a roar of laughter. I indulged my victory it is true, but my triumph was of short duration. This tyrant of the stage was inexorable and unforgiving, and as his situation afforded him many opportunities to resent this effort of mine to lessen his consequence and bring his acting into disrepute, he was determined in the end that I should feel the blow of ridicule recoil upon myself.

Soon after I acted in a tragedy of *our own*, or an alteration from Massinger, called *The Insatiate Murderer, or the Bloody Banquet*. In this the incensed manager was to be my murderer—a dangerous situation! I had already uttered, "But still I live, and live for Sforza"—I had thrown myself in an attitude to be stabbed, had prepared to die--but no one came to perform the office: I ventured to whisper at the prompter's side, "Come and kill me!" still the blow came not. At length I turned round, and saw him slowly approaching. I regained my attitude—I heard a stifled laugh; I was irritated beyond all bounds, and cried out aloud—"Will nobody come and stab me?" but in vain: the men had all taken their cues from the manager, and I was necessitated to walk off *unkilled*, leaving the stage amidst a roar of laughter. On my entrance into the green or rather black room, I did not fail to reproach Don Garcias with the greatest asperity, and secretly resolved that the shame I had experienced should not go unpunished, should a fit opportunity occur.

His wife, for whose fame he felt the liveliest regard, chose to take an early benefit, to the great detriment of our treasury. She stripped every jacket for mock brilliants, to fit her for a tragedy queen. For this purpose she had borrowed a long piece of gauze for a train, which had once served as Juliet's veil, and latterly for a window-curtain: this she covered with a

profusion of tin-foil, and it was to trail on the ground in all the pomp and pride of Eastern magnificence. The house was filled with her friends, whose *weak minds* she threatened to astonish. All was silent as death when the curtain drew up; she had to enter first. She was gaudy as Dollalolla, and her eyes flashed with all the fire which potent libations could impart; when just as she was entering in all the pomp of regal luxury, my wife, who dearly loved a little mischief, slipped the loop that confined the gaudy appendage to the manageress's body. Such was the excess of her grief, and so much occupied was she in the part she was about to enact, that she missed not the diminution of weight behind her; and she exclaimed, turning short,

"These pompous robes—this gay attire"—

when unluckily casting her eyes around to illustrate her apostrophe, she saw with horror the recreant train lying quietly under the side-box. She roared out, "Confound you all! you have cut off my tail!" retired with precipitation amidst cries of "Bravo! bravo!" resounding from all parts of the house. The consequence of this was, that we, being considered the joint and sole actors of the indignity offered to the reputation of this Statira, received an instant discharge. In adopting this hasty measure, the manager was his own enemy as much as ours, for he had no one to fill our parts in those plays which were most popular in our *circuit*, such as the ranting tragedies of Dryden, Rowe, or Lee. I was moreover, by his own confession, infinitely his superior in all the strut and whisker parts of tragedy, and had greatly the advantage of him in person and in lungs. But the die was cast, and myself and rib, like our first parents on their expulsion from Paradise,

"Had all the world before us, where to choose
Our place of rest, and Providence our guide."

(To be concluded in our next.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

If you have any influence with people of fashion, Mr. Adviser, I must beg of you to exert it in behalf of the most delightful physician in the world. Perhaps you will tell me that I do not express myself correctly, and that learned, clever, skilful, or judicious, would be epithets more proper to characterise the qualifications of my physician. He may, for ought I know, deserve them all; but when I tell you that he absolutely charms away sickness by his entertaining conversation, and is so accommodating that he allows his patients to do just as they please, I am sure you must allow that the epithet *delightful* is not misplaced.

I am just returned from passing a few months in Paris, where this gentleman, Dr. X——, prescribed for me while I was labouring under a cold attended with some degree of fever. During the two first days of my malady, I staid at home: in fact I was not sorry to do so, for I wanted time and quiet to enable me to plan a beautiful dress, in which I intended to appear at *la Marquise Bongout's bal paré:* I therefore submitted with great pa-

tience to slops and confinement. On the third day, however, I had an engagement to a concert, which was to be followed by a ball, and I was terribly afraid I should not be able to go without committing an act of open rebellion against my doctor, whose appearance I waited for with some anxiety.

"Well, madame," cried he, entering my apartment at his usual hour in the morning, "how are we to day?"

"Better I think, doctor; but of that you must judge," cried I, holding out my arm.

"Hum!—why, yes—I think upon the whole we are mending. You must repeat the draughts, drink plenty of chicken-broth, keep yourself very warm, and above all things avoid exposing yourself to the air!"

"Then you would wish me to stay at home."

"Oh, unquestionably!"

"But, dear doctor, I have been engaged these three weeks to a concert which is to be to-night; I shall put on a warm dress, wrap myself up in a large cachemire shawl, and with all this precaution, I do not see how I can possibly take cold."

"That is very true, and perhaps a little gentle exercise may be of service. But you must not stay long at the concert."

"It would not, however, be worth my while to go if I did not remain till the concert was over, because you know there is to be a ball."

"Well, you may remain for a short time; provided, however, you do not dance."

"I certainly shall not waltz, but there can be no reason why I should not walk a country dance or two."

"I like that phrase *walk*, because it implies that you will be discreet, and avoid fatiguing yourself. Observe, I prohibit supper."

"But of what importance is it, dear doctor, whether I pick here or there the wing of a chicken?"

"Oh! I did not mean to interdict that: but take care and do not drink any thing inflammatory."

"Only a glass or two of punch; I always find it of service when I have a cold."

"Well, if you have experienced its efficacy, you may take a little. Remember, however, not to stay out late."

My husband, less complaisant than my physician, would have remonstrated, but I silenced him with the permission I had obtained. In short, I went, passed a most delightful evening, danced a great deal, ate my supper with a good appetite, drank some punch, and came home at four o'clock in the morning. I must own that I had an ugly headache and some increase of fever the next day, which frightened me into confessing what had passed to my doctor, who laughed at what he called my frolic; ordered me some cooling draughts and powders; told me not to frighten myself, for he was certain I should be quite recovered in a day or two; and finally acknowledged, before he quitted me, that a little dissipation was sometimes of service in cases of cold, or nervous disorders, to both which, as he observed, I was peculiarly subject.

Now, sir, contrast this obliging behaviour with that of Dr. Dietdrink, who at present attends me for a similar complaint. He swathes me in flannel, to keep off, as he

says, an attack of the rheumatism with which I am threatened, drenches me with barley-water, starves me under pretence that my recovery depends on my living low, and vapours me to death by incessant declarations, that I have made too free with my constitution; and that I must be very careful in future, or else I shall fall a martyr to late hours, crowded rooms, and sudden transitions from heat to cold.

I would not remain a moment in the hands of this croaking raven, if I could prevail on my favourite doctor to visit England; but this he declines doing, unless he could be certain of distinguished patronage. My own connections are not sufficiently extensive to ensure it to him, but if you can serve him, or will point out to me any way of writing him into fashion, you will, Mr. Adviser, very much oblige your humble servant,

SELINA SELFWILL.

In reply to my correspondent I must observe, that I value the health of my fair countrywomen too highly, to wish to see them in the hands of a physician who allows his patients to risk their lives, because his politeness will not suffer him to contradict them. As to the way of writing people into fashion, I really do not understand it. Besides, my services in that respect would probably be superfluous, since if the doctor resembles the generality of his nation, the art of puffing is one in which he must be a proficient.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE AUTHOR'S BUREAU.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ANXIOUS the other morning to produce something for your Miscellany, I unlocked my bureau, drew out the supporters, turned down the flap, placed a sheet of paper before me, and seized my goose-quill. Having done all this, I wanted nothing but ideas, which I hoped would soon make their spontaneous visit. My lodging, sir, is in the upper room of one of the highest houses in the neighbourhood of Grub-street (consequently *attic* enough); a charming, pleasant room it is I assure you in summer time, though I am bound to say, that the cracks and crannies about the casement admit, at this season, something more than *zephyrs*. On the morning abovementioned, the sun had risen about an hour, and was just peeping in upon me, when I began my labours: every thing seemed to conspire in assisting me; the serenity of the sky, the gentleness of the airs that crept in at the cracks hinted at before, and the gentle whistling of a blackbird (which seemed learning tunes for the spring) belonging to a journeyman shoemaker who lodged in a garret opposite, certainly ought to have been sufficient inspirers; but I don't know how it was, but so it was, that I could not get hold of a theme at all suited to my wishes. I scratched my pate in every direction; I leaned first on my right elbow, and then on my left; I looked most ineffably wise; I gazed up at the fleecy clouds of the morning as they slowly sailed along, then looked down upon the

unwashed floor of my room; and all the while kept gnawing the unfortunate goose-quill so unmercifully, that there was scarcely enough left to write with: but it would not do, dulness seemed to be the order of the day, and I was just thinking that I must relinquish my intention, when I gave a most furious look at the contents of my bureau, whose beautiful and dusty confusion might very well defy all description; when it struck me to attempt that very description, for the amusement of your readers, of whom, and of you, I beg pardon for being so stupid as not to be able to send any thing better.

On the front of it, before the drawers and pigeon-holes, lay a variety of articles: a cup half full of ink, which was growing rather mothery; a few old stumps of pens, all of them bearing the marks of my teeth, inflicted when in a literary furor; scattered about lay innumerable papers, many of them scraps of pieces that I had begun, but could not finish in the proper style: among these are, a sermon, an essay on population, a tragedy (that is, the title of it, and the *dramatis personæ*), a comedy, ditto, several sonnets, a plan for a new magazine, the prospectus half written; a satire called *Parnassus and Paternoster-Row*, and many others which are non-descripts, not having even a title. Mingled with them also were two or three old sixteenths of lottery-tickets, blanks of course, or they would not have been there; I keep them to shew that I have put myself in Fortune's way, but that she is a slippery jade, and neglects the sons of genius as much, or more, than the plodding descendants of dulness.

The pigeon-holes are six in number, and their contents are pretty nearly as follows:

No. 1. *Letters.* Amongst these are to be found some original love-letters from a lady with whom I was once deeply enamoured, and who had 5000*l.* to her fortune; but finding I had not as many farthings, she discarded me as a fortune-hunter: some *cutting* correspondence with booksellers; some snarling epistles from reviewers I had remonstrated with; a whole heap of every-day letters, and about two or three from a sincere friend.

No. 2. *Rejected Pieces, &c.* This pigeon-hole is exceedingly full. Some of the larger bundles have been rejected by booksellers, and the smaller parcels by editors of magazines. Among the first are, *The Dry Ocean, or the Sea on Fire*, a romance, in which I really flattered myself I had outshone Mrs. Radcliffe herself; but though it has travelled the whole round of dealers in literature, here it lies as if it had not a meritorious line in it:—*The Soap-Saver, or every Bachelor his own Laundress*, in which I thought, and do still think, I had invented a substitute for soap; but either the soap-boilers, having got an intimation of my work, had bribed the booksellers, or the booksellers had not judgment enough to see the utility of my invention, for they would not publish it:--a volume of poems in the *Moore-ish* style:--a collection of original jests, which one publisher had the impudence to tell me were older than Joe Miller himself:—*The Lady's Instructor, or how to get good Husbands:* in this work, though the title is excellent, I do not think the end properly attained; for between

ourselves, Mr. Editor, instruction of this sort is not easily given, and sometimes not very easily taken:—several novels, with such titles as *Immolina, or the Self-devoted:—Maids as they might be, or the Lady of the Glen*, &c. &c. As to the pieces rejected by magazine-editors, they are almost innumerable, and before I give you any account of them, I will take occasion to say, that I have often been ready to quarrel with them (nay, to fight, *could I have got at them,)* for their fastidiousness. Why, sir, I will leave you to judge if I have not reason, when I tell you, that in this very pigeon-hole are an immensity of little poems, returned upon my hands only for being in some lines perhaps two or three syllables deficient, or having in others two or three syllables too many: also a number of prose pieces that have been sent back, because truly there were some five or six ungrammatical passages in them; some pieces have been returned because they were too long, others because they were too short. In fact, sir——but I forget, I am addressing an editor, and therefore will make no further comments, but proceed to the next pigeon-hole,

No. 3. containing my present hopes, which consist of a poem in blank verse of about 500,000 lines, called *Westminster*, and which gives a description of the present political orators of that city, and in which all their remarkable speeches on public occasions, for the last seven years, are versified. I have great hopes from this, and intend shortly to put the finishing touch to it, and offer it to some demagogue bookseller. Besides this, I have a farce which I think will take; and a romance, whose title is to be *The Back Stairs to a Prince's Palace, or a Peep behind the Curtain*, which title cannot fail to sell the work: so that I think my hopes are tolerably good; and indeed they had need be verified, for the pigeon-hole

No. 4. has in it my unpaid bills, amounting to 25*l.* 16*s.* 0½*d.* This is a sad sum for an author like me to owe; therefore I do most fervently hope that the contents of pigeon-hole No. 3. may be the means of liquidating the contents of pigeon-hole No. 4.

No. 5. is my library; but, alas! it consists of only half a dozen volumes of poetry. Once indeed I could boast a better; but I found it necessary to take the major part of them to *an uncle* of mine in Chiswell-street, who is a man of infinite care, and will allow me to *redeem* them at any time.

No. 6. contains *My own Life and Opinions*—not finished of course. I mean to leave this to posterity, as a posthumous work worthy of their attention; and as my best pains are bestowed upon it, I deem the pigeon-hole No. 6. though least, yet best filled of any of them.

Under the pigeon-holes are several secret drawers, very prettily contrived to deposit valuables in; such as jewellery, bank-notes, notes of hand, &c. &c.: but to me they are as useless as drawers can be, for the only notes I have to put in them are notes of admiration and interrogation, and these will be quite as safe any where else.

Thus, sir, you have, as near as I can give it you, the contents of an author's bureau, who begs leave to subscribe himself your humble servant to command,

JEREMIAH JUMBLE.

FILIAL AFFECTION REWARDED.

"I KNOW not what to do with my unhappy boy," cried Mr. Carlton one day in a sorrowful tone to his friend Villars; "I have tried reproach and persuasion in vain; nothing, I fear, will ever induce him to conquer his natural indolence."

"I protest you put me out of all patience," replied Villars; "reproach and persuasion indeed! A good horsewhipping would be the most effectual remedy, I fancy."

"A horsewhipping!" returned Mr. Carlton indignantly, "do you suppose I could be such a brute?"

"You may call my advice that of a brute if you please, but take my word, the day may come when you will regret that you did not follow it."

"He talks to me who never had a child," thought Carlton; but he contented himself with saying coldly, "Well, Mr. Villars, if such is your opinion, we will not talk any farther on the subject; for if my boy's indolence can be cured by such means only, I must repeat, that I cannot use them."

"Very well, very well," replied the rough old man; "let him grow up then an idle puppy as he promises to do, and think yourself well off if he does not turn out something worse."

He then departed, but his last words left a painful impression on the mind of Carlton, and though he could not resolve to have recourse to coercive measures with his son, he determined to be more severe than ever in his remonstrances.

But remonstrance alone was ineffectual to check the growth of this destructive habit, and punishment of any kind Mr. Carlton could not prevail upon himself to use. The consequence was, that Augustus Carlton, though possessed of an excellent capacity, grew up shamefully ignorant for want of application. His heart was good, but his manners were singularly awkward and unprepossessing. In fact, his indolence was so excessive, that he took no pains to acquire either personal or mental accomplishments; and he would, had he been suffered to do so, have passed his whole time in lounging upon a sofa from morning till night.

In this way matters went on till Augustus grew towards maturity. Mr. Carlton was a merchant; he had always intended his son for his own profession, and Augustus was consequently early instructed in the theory of commerce, but, as might be expected from his habits, he knew little of it. He tried, but in vain, to induce his father to dispense with his following a profession; but on this point Mr. Carlton was inexorable. He, however, gave his son the liberty of choosing another if he preferred it. Augustus really loved his father, and as he found that he must absolutely do something, he determined to consult the wishes of Mr. Carlton; and accordingly he signified his intention to become a merchant, and entered his father's counting-house.

When Augustus had nearly attained his eighteenth year, an old friend of his father's, of the name of Oswald, died suddenly, leaving an only daughter totally unprovided for. Mr. Carlton, who was much

attached to this friend, flew to his house the moment he learned that he was no more, and begged so earnestly that Miss Oswald would immediately remove to his house, that she accepted his invitation.

Carlton had taken care to invite a female relation of his own to sanction by her presence Miss Oswald's residence under his roof, and the desolate orphan found in his kindness all the alleviation which her sorrows could admit of.

Fanny Oswald was one year younger than Augustus, and remarkably beautiful. Our hero was struck with her charms, and as her melancholy subsided, her amiable manners completed the impression which they had made. Carlton saw the prepossession of Augustus in favour of the interesting orphan with pleasure, for he hoped that love would stimulate him to conquer his indolence; and he justly regarded the amiable qualities of Fanny, as the best portion which his son could receive with a wife.

The hopes of the worthy Carlton were, however, soon blasted, by the determination of Miss Oswald to gain her subsistence by becoming a governess in a family. After combating this resolution by every other argument he could think of, Mr. Carlton tried what a disclosure of his son's passion would do. Miss Oswald expressed herself highly obliged to Augustus for his favourable opinion, but she peremptorily declined his hand. In fact, between indolence, awkwardness, and timidity, Augustus appeared far from amiable; and Fanny was incapable of forming an union, however advantageous it might be in a worldly point of view, which her heart did not sanction. Mr. Carlton received her determination with regret rather than surprise; and Augustus, whose feelings were for the first time completely awakened, felt it even more keenly than his father had expected.

Shortly afterwards Miss Oswald quitted the house of Mr. Carlton, having formed an engagement to accompany a family to the Continent. Before her departure, Augustus had evidently exerted himself to conquer his indolence, but it was too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated; and as in losing the hope of obtaining Fanny, he lost the motive which might have stimulated him to continue his exertions, they soon relaxed, and he finally desisted from making them.

Just as he had completed his nineteenth year, one of those sudden reverses to which the commercial world are so peculiarly liable, reduced his father from affluence to poverty. Carlton met this misfortune with firmness, but Augustus seemed to sink under it.

"Do not despond thus, my dear boy," said Carlton, who felt more for his son than he did for himself; "thank God, I have preserved in the wreck of my fortune, what I always considered as my greatest treasure, an unspotted name. My knowledge of business will soon obtain for me a situation which will give us bread. Bear up then, my son, and let us not, by useless repining, add to the severity of the trial which it has pleased Providence to send us."

"My dear father," cried Augustus, "do not think me so selfish as to grieve on my own account. No; Heaven is my witness, that my sorrow at this moment arises from the

consciousness that I have ill repaid your tenderness! Had I exerted myself as I ought to have done, to conquer the unfortunate defect of my disposition, I should, instead of being helpless and ignorant, be able to assist you in gaining our livelihood. But though I have not profited as I ought by the instructions which I have received, yet I can do something, as yet indeed but little. Believe me, however, my father, that from this moment I will exert myself to be a comfort to you. Never again shall you have reason to complain of my indolence."

"Persevere in these resolutions, my dear Augustus," cried Carlton, "and you will amply compensate to me for the affluence I have lost. With Heaven's assistance, we shall not want independent bread; and trust me, Augustus, you will soon find the homely meal procured by your industry, more delicious than the luxuries you have hitherto enjoyed."

The friends of Mr. Carlton, who were equally numerous and respectable, offered to establish him again in business. None among them was more pressing in offers of service to him than Mr. Villars, the rough old man who had prescribed a horsewhip as a cure for the indolence of Augustus in his boyish days. Carlton, who knew the goodness of Villars's heart, accepted the situation of his head clerk in preference to entering again into business, for he feared to tempt Fortune a second time; and Augustus also entered the counting-house of Villars in an inferior situation.

Augustus had little knowledge of business, but he made up by application and industry for what he wanted in experience; and as he was naturally clever and intelligent, he soon became perfectly competent to the duties of his situation. It is true, that at first it caused him the greatest pain to conquer his listless habits, so far as to attend closely to his employment, but his love for his father was a powerful stimulant to exertion; and the delight which he saw this conduct afforded Mr. Carlton, enabled him to persevere in the course he had begun.

Carlton, happier than he had been in his days of affluence, had now in his son a companion and a friend. He saw with delight, that those hours which his son did not give to business he devoted to literature, and to the study of those accomplishments, the rudiments of which he retained, although his indolence had prevented his proceeding farther in acquiring a knowledge of them.

Augustus soon succeeded in conquering his indolence, and for some time he continued to enjoy the happiness which can only be attained by those who understand the art of properly regulating their time, and enjoying, without abusing, this best gift of Heaven. His felicity, however, received at the end of a short period a severe check, by a misfortune which happened to his father, who lost, through a cut in the hand, the use of his right arm; and this misfortune was the more severe, because the grief of Mr. Carlton, at finding himself incapacitated from doing any thing, sensibly affected both his health and spirits.

It was now that the filial piety of Augustus displayed itself in its full

force. Villars would gladly have continued the salary of Mr. Carlton, but Augustus knew that his father's independent spirit would be deeply wounded at thus becoming an object of charity even to his most intimate friend. He, therefore, proposed to his father to reject the bounty of the worthy merchant, as he felt certain that he had profited so much by the pains he had taken to acquire a knowledge of business, that he was capable of filling a higher situation than the one he then held. In this respect he was right. Villars gave him a better place, and was perfectly satisfied with the manner in which he discharged the duties of it; but as even then his income was insufficient to procure his father those indulgences which his state of health rendered necessary, this affectionate son devoted the whole of his leisure hours to drawing, an art in which he had made considerable proficiency.

As Augustus sold his drawings to the shops, the sum which he procured for them was small, but it made a sufficient addition to his salary to enable him to provide every comfort that his father's state of health rendered necessary.

One day, when Augustus went as usual to the shop where he disposed of his drawings, the master of it told him that he had, he believed, got him a good job. "Lady Bloomfield," said he, "a rich widow, who is as generous as a princess, wants a landscape copied, but she would not give it without first seeing the person who will undertake to copy it: so I recommended you. Here is her card; I believe that at this hour you will be sure to find her at home, and I would advise you to go to her ladyship directly."

Poor Augustus felt at that moment the bitterest sting which poverty can inflict, a deep sense of wounded pride, but the recollection of his father's situation enabled him to suppress it; and thanking the shopkeeper, who knew him only as an artist, he hastened to Lady Bloomfield's magnificent mansion in Grosvenor-square.

Her ladyship was at home, and on saying that he was the person recommended by Mr. S—— to copy a landscape, he was immediately admitted.

Her ladyship, who was writing when he entered, desired him, without taking her eyes off her desk, to be seated, and she would attend to him in a moment; but instead of obeying, his first impulse was to run out of the room, for to his inexpressible amazement, he recognised in her ladyship his old flame Fanny Oswald.

Before he could collect himself sufficiently to try to escape, she had finished the note she was writing, and the moment she turned round to Augustus she recollected him. Her ladyship's sensations at this meeting were very different from those of poor Augustus: she had recently returned to England, and was all anxiety to discover the residence of Mr. Carlton, of whose former kindness to her she retained the most grateful sense. She was, therefore, rejoiced to see Augustus, and inquired with the kindest interest after his father.

A few moments sufficed to enable our hero to regain his self-possession. Lady Bloomfield saw with astonishment the change which a

short time had produced in his person and manners. "Good Heaven!" thought she, as she listened to and looked at him, "can this graceful, elegant young man, who speaks with so much good sense and propriety, be the awkward, listless, inanimate Augustus? With what feeling and tenderness does he speak of his father! How unjust was I when I believed him incapable of any ardent sentiment!"

Let us now account for the change in Miss Oswald's situation. We have said that she accompanied a family to the Continent: during her stay with them she was seen and admired by Lord Bloomfield, who, after a short acquaintance, offered her his hand, which she accepted; and from his many virtues, had he been spared to her, their union would most probably have been a happy one, but he scarcely survived his marriage three months. Lady Bloomfield paid to his memory the tribute of a year spent in retirement, and then returned to England.

Lady Bloomfield lost not a moment in visiting the worthy Carlton, whom she would instantly have rendered independent, but he steadily declined her bounty. She learned with astonishment, that he owed not merely the necessaries but the comforts of life to his son, whose filial affection he painted in so touching a manner as to draw tears from the eyes of the sensitive Fanny. "Well," said she after a pause, "if you will not suffer me even to discharge the debt of gratitude which I owe you, surely you will not, cannot refuse me the pleasure of becoming my guest. I ask you only for a short time, and I promise you, that I will not constrain you when you wish to leave me."

Good manners forbade Mr. Carlton to refuse this request, and in a few days he removed to Lady Bloomfield's house. She treated him with the attention of a daughter, and he had his own apartments, where he received the visits of his son and his friends.

It happened that Lady Bloomfield was frequently present when Augustus paid his daily visits to his father; and in a little time her ladyship discovered, that the hours she passed with Mr. Carlton and his son were much more pleasantly spent than any other part of the day. At first she talked to Augustus from curiosity, and a wish to discover how far he possessed talent; but she soon began to take pleasure in his society, nor did she seek to repress her rising partiality for him. She was a stranger to ambition or avarice; the property she possessed through the generosity of her deceased husband, was more than sufficient for her moderate desires; could she then do better than share it with a man who had given such proofs of the goodness of his heart? "But, perhaps," thought she, "the affection which he once professed for me exists no longer; it is now more than three years since he solicited my hand, and time may have caused a change in his sentiments." She raised her eyes to the superb mirror opposite to which she was standing at that moment, and the lovely image it reflected reassured her.

Let not my fair readers accuse Lady Bloomfield of vanity. She was beautiful, and she had been too often told so to be unconscious of

her charms. It may perhaps be said of beauty as it has been of noble birth, that it is an advantage which no one ever despised who possessed it. Though our lovely widow set no undue value on this accidental advantage, truth obliges us to confess that she knew its worth.

As Mr. Carlton had not fixed a time for the termination of his visit, Lady Bloomfield was hurt to find, that at the end of three months he talked of concluding it. "Indeed, my dear sir," said she, when he announced his intention, "I hoped that you would consider me as having an hereditary claim to your friendship; and I confess I am sorry to find you treat me as a mere stranger, of whom you are soon tired."

"You must not so entirely misconceive my motives," replied Mr. Carlton; "believe me, that my present intention springs in a great measure from my regard for you. You know, my dear child, you are still very young, and where I am my son will of course be a frequent visitor. I need not observe to you, that the world will talk; and that in its estimation Augustus Carlton, the son of a broken merchant, is not a proper visitor for the widow of Lord Bloomfield."

"Tell me frankly, is this your only reason?"

"Why then, frankly, no. Augustus, I am convinced, is neither vain nor presumptuous enough to cherish a hope which in his situation would be madness; but I fear that, in spite of reason, his former passion may return if he continues to be indulged with your society."

The most brilliant crimson suffused the cheek of Lady Bloomfield, as she repeated in a tone of doubt, "May return!"

"Well," said Mr. Carlton, "I see you have found us out; it is, therefore, of no use to dissemble. I believe, then, that it has returned, and that the only way to check it, and restore my son to peace, is to remove him from the chance of seeing you."

For some moments Lady Bloomfield remained silent: at last she rose, and approaching Mr. Carlton with a timid air, "When I was poor and destitute," said she, "Augustus thought me worthy of his love; if I then refused him, it was because I saw him under the influence of a habit which veiled all those amiable qualities he really possesses. He has conquered that habit, and by conquering it, removed the only objection I ever had to becoming his."

The happy father almost doubted his senses, yet he had magnanimity enough to represent to Lady Bloomfield the inequality of the union which she wished to form. Her ladyship, like a true woman, saw no inequality which love could not smooth; and, in truth, if hearts only were to be taken into the account, she was right in declaring, that Augustus was a match for any woman, how exalted soever her rank.

We shall not attempt to paint the feelings of Augustus when he learned the happiness which awaited him. Suffice it to say, that his conduct as a husband was not less exemplary than it had been as a son, and that he enjoyed during many happy years the pleasure of constituting the felicity of a woman whom he adored, of smoothing the downhill of age to a parent whom he

loved and revered, and of cheering the hearts of his indigent fellow-creatures, by dispensing among them a considerable portion of that wealth, of which his own moderate and chastened desires led him to make a frugal use.

ADVANTAGES OF R. ACKERMANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE FOR CARRIAGES.

THIS most useful and ingenious invention, applicable to all four-wheeled carriages, possesses advantages so numerous and important, that it cannot fail, in a short time, to be considered indispensably necessary to four-wheeled carriages of every kind. The following are its principal features:

1. A carriage with the MOVEABLE AXLE will turn in a very limited space, where it would be impossible for the same carriage with the *stiff* axle to effect that movement.
2. The MOVEABLE AXLE permits a carriage to be built from 15 to 18 inches shorter than on the old principle, and will of course greatly diminish the draught.
3. The MOVEABLE AXLE affords complete security against upsetting, as must be evident on inspection. It is, in like manner, a safeguard against accidents in turning, as the wheels never change their position, but only their direction: whereas the stiff axle, on the contrary, augments the danger at that moment. It is a notorious fact, that more carriages are upset in making short turns, than in any other way.
4. With the PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE the fore-wheels can be made much higher, while the body may be hung lower; a circumstance not admissible with a stiff axle, unless the carriage be made of uncommon length, and of course much heavier than usual. A high fore-wheel, moreover, adds much to the beauty of a carriage, while it also greatly reduces the draught, and surmounts with much greater facility any obstructions that happen to lie in the way, or that present themselves in bad roads.
5. This axle is by no means so liable to break as the stiff one: its greatest strength is brought behind the nave of the wheel, the place where the common axle frequently breaks; and owing to its being *moveable*, it gives way to any obstruction that is encountered by the wheel, which the stiff one does not.
6. The breaking of the perch-bolt, a very serious consideration, to which four-wheeled carriages are continually exposed, and which but too often happens, especially to travelling-carriages in bad roads, or in going up and down hill, is rendered next to impossible by the MOVEABLE AXLE. With this invention the upper and lower carriage constitute but one and not two distinct parts, as in the old construction with the stiff axle, and very little stress rests on the perch-bolt.
7. A common carriage on the old principle requires about *twenty* pieces of timber, and of course iron plates and screws in propor-

tion; while a carriage with the PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE requires but *six*, including the pole. This gives the carriage an uncommonly airy appearance, and reduces the rattling noise in moving.

8. The airy and light appearance, the beauty of good lines combined with solidity, have always been, with the gentleman of taste and the coachmaker of ingenuity, the principal object in the building of carriages. All these qualities are here combined in one simple but most valuable invention, producing at once safety, ease, and elegance.

Mr. G. DODD of 43, Crawford-street; Mr. BIRCH, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Mr. MABERLEY of Welbeck-street; Mr. WINDUS, 71, Bishopsgate-street, and other coachmakers, are now building carriages on the principle of ACKERMANN'S Patent.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE always record with pleasure the progress of those institutions which are calculated to promote the fine arts of our country, and place in a proper view the taste and talents of our artists. Among these perhaps that which is entitled to the first consideration is the BRITISH INSTITUTION, at least it is that which affords the greatest facility for the sale of pictures; exclusive of the value attaching to it from the school of study it presents to the student, and the prizes with which it marks his proficiency, and buoys up and encourages his early exertions. There is something also in the circumstance of its being solely conducted by men of rank and fashion: this has a direct tendency to place the art where it ought to be placed—under the protection of that class in society which is most likely to give it efficient patronage.

The Exhibition just opened at the Institution is perhaps the best which the public has seen from living artists at the British Gallery. It contains works from the following members and associates of the Royal Academy: Sir W. Beechey, Howard, Wilkie, Ph. Reinagle, W. and R. Westall, Arnald, Collins, Jackson, Ward, Bigg, Shee, and Cooper; besides several from other artists of considerable merit. There are in all *two hundred and ninety-nine* pictures, and *eleven* works in the sculptural department.

We shall proceed to notice the most striking works in the Gallery; of course bespeaking the considerate indulgence of those artists whose pictures we have no opportunity of describing. Our limits necessarily compel us to a selection, and we must forego the gratification we should feel in paying a suitable tribute to *every* artist whose work is entitled to patronage and attention.

The Angel Uriel.—Wm. Alston.

> The glorious vision————————
> The gorgeous form that now upon his throne
> Of rocky amber, like some mountain peak
> Dark 'gainst a lunar sky, before me rose
> In giant majesty! The same it was
> That once, entranced, th' immortal Milton saw—
> Th' archangel Uriel.
>
> *Visit to the Sun:* a Vision.

From a long poetical passage, of which this is a sufficient extract to

elucidate both the merit of the poet and the subject of the artist, this picture is taken. Some of our public prints have been unsparing in their praise of its merits; and though we disallow their authority to influence our more deliberate and unbiassed judgment, yet in this instance we are not unwilling to go along with them, as they have candidly confessed the picture had its faults in the detail, in the want of solidity of the figure, in a little discordance in the lights and shadows, and some imperfection in the drawing of one of the limbs. We cordially agree in the general praise that has been given, for the artist's boldness of conception, and strong and vigorous outline: it is undoubtedly an effort in the highest department of art, and one which has been encouraged as it deserved. We like to see these efforts made, as in this case, where the pretensions of the artist justified the attempt; but we must discourage them, unless in very able hands, and more particularly when there seems a tendency to encourage them to the exclusion of minute elegancies. The progress to the grand style is of slow and progressive growth: it expanded itself in Michael Angelo not until after long and patient study; and Raffaelle had formed more than one style of painting before he attained that excellence in the propriety, beauty, and majesty of his characters, that correctness of drawing and purity of taste, for which he has been so justly celebrated. Mr. Alston's picture is, we repeat, a bold and in many parts a successful attempt at an elevated style of art, to which some of our rising artists are very properly applying their energies.

Jerusalem at the Time of the Crucifixion. St. Matthew xiv. 51. 52.—T. C. Hofland.

This is also an effort at what may be called the sublime in painting, and as perfection in this most difficult branch must be the highest aim of genius, so we must of course look for a display of every thing that is grand in the nature and execution of the subject. Perhaps in the whole range of art there is no subject more calculated to inspire the strongest feelings of emotion and awe, than that on which the artist has worked: this very circumstance has imposed insurmountable difficulties upon him, for he has to embody for the eye of the spectator an event, of which his mind has already formed the most sublime and reverential description. The composition of this picture is certainly grand; the landscape is bold and well chosen; it has a stillness suited to the awful occasion, and the character of the architectural parts is antique and solemn. The artist in this part of the picture appears to have studied Claude, and profited by that delightful painter, much of whose pure and tasteful style we see in the arrangement of the scenery, in the bridges, the rippling of the mountain-streams, the spray-like silvery colouring of the water, and many other delicate touches which we discover in it. But the principal part of the picture is the background: there we have a distant but distinct view of the Crucifixion; the particular spot is illumined by a supernatural light, which, by the solemn splendour it sheds,

gives a fine and imposing contrast to the "darkness all over the land," which we learn in holy writ accompanied the awful event from "the sixth unto the ninth hour." The pale light which glimmers on the edge of the opposite high ground, is extremely characteristic and beautiful. The artist has judiciously managed to cover his picture with a cloudy and dense atmosphere, such as we know accompanies an awful physical convulsion: it here suits the historic description: "And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." This is the best picture we have seen by this artist.

Apotheosis.—H. Howard, R. A.

"Flere et meminisse relictum est."

This picture simply described as an *Apotheosis* carries with it in the open, dignified, and expressive countenance of the principal figure, the explanatory personification of her whose beatification it depicts: it is an Apotheosis of our late beloved and lamented Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES.

Her late Royal Highness is represented clasping a new-born infant in her arms, ascending, guided by an angel, into ethereal regions, where other angels anxiously await her in gladness and joy. Beneath her is a weeping figure emblematic of Britannia; at whose feet lies another (we believe) of Hope, from whose hand an anchor has fallen, and who vainly grasps a wreath destined to deck the brow of the object of her expectancy. A kneeling mourner personifies the surviving illustrious sufferer; and beneath him lies the anchor, the unconnected and naked appearance of which is alike emblematic of the stay and hope that have been just torn from him and the country. The general grouping in this picture is arranged in an easy and agreeable manner, and the dark shadows of the lower, or, if we may use the expression, terrestrial figures, present a strong relief to the shroud-like and pale transparent drapery of the principal figure, the lines of which are flowing and harmonious, and lift it with a buoyancy finely suited to the new state and being into which the angelic expression of the figure denotes it to have passed. It is pleasing to see painting and poetry, the sister arts, uniting to commemorate the anguish of our national grief, and the bitterness of our disappointment.

The sculptural department of the Institution looks naked without the model of some work destined to express the public feelings on this melancholy occasion. We should have thought that if the subject did not itself suggest the idea to our artists, the intended Cenotaph would. We are convinced that if the attempt had been creditably made, the directors of the Institution would have repaid the pains of the artist.

The Evening Star.—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair.——OSSIAN.

This is a beautiful delineation of the planet Venus when she bears the name of *Hesperus* or *Vesper*, the evening star, at the setting of the sun. The figure is represented with all that lightness, beauty, and

grace, which we see combined in some of Canova's best finished poetical statues, but with a clearness, a bright and pearly transparency, which the sculptor's material does not admit of. The Cupid ushering in the planet is conceived in true poetic taste.

Meg Merrilies.—By the same.

This is too smooth a looking gipsy, too much like those summer sun-burnt marauders that skirmish in well-fed numbers about the metropolis, venturing little farther than Hornsey Wood, or Hampstead Heath, or Dulwich Common, and never aspiring to any thing more daring than the kidnapping of a stray child. The *Meg Merrilies* of the Scottish tale was quite a different personage: she was daring, enterprising, and vindictive, with her meaner qualities, and calculated to maintain a stern ascendancy over her followers and associates by more than ordinary art. As the workings and external expression of a strongly marked countenance must have furnished no small part of the means by which this influence and controul were obtained, we expected to see them depicted by the artist; instead of which, we see a plain and smooth visage, strongly marked in the outline to be sure, and coloured as brown as any gipsy could wish, but totally destitute of that visibly expressive character which the author furnished to the artist in colours so strikingly popular.

A Scene on the Boulevards, Paris.—W. Collins, A. R. A.

We select this picture from those of the same artist in this Exhibition, not because we think it the best, for the others are in the line of pleasing landscape-painting, in which he is so justly praised; but because it is a most attractive novelty, full of genuine character in the subject, and with much to commend in the execution. The name explains the subject: it is a representation of familiar French character, as it is seen in one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Parisian capital. There is as much truth and humour in it as illustrative of the gambols of our continental neighbours, as we see of common character among ourselves in Hogarth's lively pieces: it is fair broad humour, well described and diversified, but not put in caricature. The colouring, like the subject, is lively and sparkling, and the picture will be an acquisition to any cabinet.

The Pool of Bethesda.—J. Ward, R. A.

This subject represents the descent of the angel into the pool to trouble the waters, as described in the 5th chapter of John, and give them their healing qualities. The principal beauty of this picture is in some exquisite touches of colouring, as brilliant as some perhaps of Titian's, or any of the old masters; but the figure of the angel is uninviting. Whatever defects this picture (which is out of the artist's usual, and we take leave to say better, track) may have, they are greatly redeemed by his other works in the Exhibition, which are full of his characteristic truth and vigour.

Bathsheba.—Love-making, from the Song of Duncan Gray.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

This inimitable artist has shewn much of his peculiar talent in the

two pictures we have just named. They are, however, by no means equal to the more studied works we have seen from him, and may be considered as the mere every-day pictures of his fancy. In the *Bath-sheba* there is both grace and fine drawing, with some exquisite touches of colouring. In the *Love-making* there is a great deal of that species of character in which this artist pre-eminently excels. It is taken from a humorous song by Burns, descriptive of a lover's visit to a fair-one, whose affections are not a little engrossed by an honest rustic who is seen significantly peeping through the corner of the window, while the obtruded lover is biting his lips in the room at observing the indifference of the lady at the presents he has brought her, and which appear to excite the prudential cupidity of her parents. The feelings of the several parties are finely pourtrayed, and the colouring is extremely appropriate and beautiful.

One of the Fathers expounding the Sacred Books.—M. A. Shee, R. A.

This is a finely expressive portrait, and as rich in colouring as it is true in expression.

An Indian Army in the Pass of the Ghauts, Deccan, East Indies.—W. Westall, A. R. A.

If an excellent and picturesque representation of Eastern scenery can recommend a subject, this has certainly that recommendation: the colouring is strong and vivid, and the scenery extremely interesting.

The Vestry.—W. Ingalton.

The peculiar merit in this picture is the striking and appropriate diffusion of character it presents. The story of the poor applicants for parochial relief, and the manner in which it is received, is well told; the expression in some of the figures is hardly inferior to that in Wilkie's *Distraining for Rent.* As a work of art, however, it is faulty: the perspective in the back-ground is bad; and the picture, as well as the one near it by the same artist, *Preparing for the Fair,* has a raw and chalky surface, which is unpleasant.

Fruit and Flowers.—J. Barney, jun.

A sweet and pleasing little picture, full of truly natural and beautiful colouring.

Scene on the River Wye, Moonlight, —G. Arnald, A. R. A.

This is an interesting moonlight scene; the reflection in the water is very well executed.

The Bard.—J. Martin.

We have already noticed this pleasing work at the Royal Academy, and wish it, as well as the *Joshua,* by the same artist, had been sold there. Praise is alone an empty tribute to the talents of a young artist. To purchase his pictures, is to patronise him; and we know no artist more deserving of public encouragement than the one before us.

Scotch Country Fair.—A. Carse.

This is a most humorous representation of the pastime of our Northern neighbours: it, however, wants a little of that variety which Teniers would have given such a subject.

The Woman of Samaria.—L. Cope.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water; Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. St. John iv.

The colouring of this picture is good, and it has a suitable display of character. The authoritative

dignity of the Saviour is well pourtrayed, and the attention and astonishment of the woman at hearing her prophetic history, are strikingly marked: the figure appeared to us, however, rather awkwardly long and stiff.

Euphrosyne. Bacchanalians.—Wm. Etty.

These pictures are remarkable for a very good attempt at what Mr. Fuseli would not inaptly term, a *Titianesque* tone of colouring: the fleshy carnations of the *Euphrosyne* are very good; the same observation applies to the *Bacchanalians*, but the markings of outline in the latter are too indistinct.

The Infant Moses.—John Jackson, R. A.

There is a fine breadth of light and colour in this picture; the fleshy softness of the infant is extremely beautiful, so is the colouring of the bulrushes, though strictly speaking, it is perhaps too bright; for we know, according to the 2d chapter of *Exodus*, that the flags in which "the goodly child" was laid, "were daubed with slime and pitch." If beauty can atone for the want of strict truth, there is enough of it in the colouring of this picture to please the most fastidious fancy.

An Afternoon Nap.—F. P. Stephanoff.

This picture, in the style of the artist, is full of bright and vivid colouring; it has at the same time a little light pleasing character in some of the figures, which is sufficiently entertaining.

The Young Mourner.—C. R. Leslie.

A little picture full of tender and interesting expression.

Battle Sketch—Mambrino's Helmet; from Don Quixote.—Ab. Cooper, A. R. A.

These are the principal of several excellent works by this artist in the Exhibition. The *Battle Sketch* is one of the most vigorous descriptions of such an event that we ever saw; the drawing is free and bold, but still in pure anatomical correctness. The genuine humour of the original is preserved in the pictorial representation of the chivalrous knight's attack on the poor barber's bason. The fury of the attack, the consternation of the victim, the wretched leanness of poor Rosinante, and the philosophy of Sancho, embody and present an irresistible specimen of the *vis comica*. In describing the *character* of the story, Hogarth could not have been more successful.

Study of a Dog.—A. Landseer.

This is a most spirited sketch of a trifling subject: it is boldly touched, and very well drawn.

Milking.—John Burnett.

A good clear landscape, very pleasingly coloured, the cattle well drawn, and the whole subject handled with skill and taste.

View at Harrow Weald, Middlesex.—Miss H. Gouldsmith.

This lady has several pleasing sketches in this Exhibition. Her style of landscape-painting has nothing in it of commonplace; it is always a simple but tastefully selected copy from nature.

Penning the Flock.—J. Stark.

This is a very pleasing sunny landscape, from a young artist of great industry and merit: the stillness and weariness of the scene, and mellowness of the colouring, remind us of some of De Lou-

therbourg's landscapes; the drawing, particularly of the sheep, is better than in some of Mr. Starke's former pictures.

Morning.—J. J. Chalon.

A very pleasing and well-finished picture.

View of Cnight, a remarkable Mountain of Merionethshire.—C. V. Fielding.

The landscapes of this artist, like the style of Othello, are full

——— "Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n."

He is, therefore, quite at home among the dreary rocks of Merionethshire; and if he had but Salvator Rosa and a genuine Welch harper for companions, then the group would be complete, and the inspiration at its height. The artist gives his scenery as he finds it, and the lovers of true unsophisticated nature, without the incumbrance of cultivation or modern improvements, will find enough to warm their imagination in these landscapes.

Cottage-Girl.—W. Ross.

An interesting subject, well coloured and tastefully executed.

A Landscape, with a Sibyl's Temple; Composition.—J. Glover.

This artist is not deficient in taste, but there is a uniformity, a monotony in his style that palls upon us. In the picture before us, he has chiefly composed from the beautiful Claude of either Mr. Hart Davis, or Lord Egremont, in the former Exhibition at the Institution. There is a good deal of very agreeable finishing in this picture, but certainly not much variety.

Mrs. Ansley, Miss Willis, Mr. Bone, Mr. Brockedon, and several others, have many very pleasing pictures in the Exhibition, to which we regret our limits will only allow us to refer, as shewing considerable proficiency.

SCULPTURE.

We have already stated that the Exhibition contains ten sculptural models: three *Judgments of Paris*, a *Satan*, a *Patroclus*, an *Israel*, a *Comus*, a *Proserpine*, a *Theseus*, and a *Menelaus*. There is certainly not a little of poetry in these subjects, though they are without much variety. A beautiful and spirited group by the late much-lamented Mr. Theed, has been added to the collection since its opening. Of these (with the exception of Mr. Theed's), the *Judgment of Paris* by Mr. James Heffernan (not Heffer-man, as it is usually misspelt in the Royal Academy Catalogue) is decidedly the best; it tells the story with more simplicity, more poetry, and in the details more of chaste anatomical finish, than any of the others, though the latter particularly. Mr. Brockedon's are executed with a good deal of taste. The *Theseus* by Mr. Hinchleff, and the *Menelaus* by Mr. Denman, are very spirited productions.

These models are in general badly placed; they are thrust into a corner. It is no defence to say that this is the usual place, for if it were bad in the first instance, perseverance in the error cannot be urged against the evil. These small works should be elevated to be properly seen; a platform, suitably raised in the centre of the room, and so constructed as not to interfere with the view of the pictures, which

could easily be done, would be the proper plan.

It is but justice to the members and patrons of the British Institution to mention, that at no former period within the same space of time have so many pictures been sold, and chiefly the productions of young artists; among whom, in addition, several prizes have been distributed by the directors.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXVII.

I AM applied to in so many ways, according to the various wants of my correspondents, that I should really be qualified by universal attainments in art and science, were I enabled to advise and instruct them. Women have been eminent in poetry, painting, and music; females have also distinguished themselves as fine writers; but since the time that witchcraft has been laid aside, I do not know that the science of astrology has been cultivated by the more tender sex. Nevertheless, I have been several times applied to, from an opinion of my acquaintance with the stars, for information relative to future events; and on an apparent reliance that I had a foreknowledge, which would enable me to instruct others to acquire good and to guard against evil; nay, I have had money offered to bribe me into a fit of supernatural communication. However, as I have never been able to tell my own fortunes, I shall not pretend to tell those of others. But this is not all.

I have sometimes also been consulted as a physician, at least as a medical professor. I have no less than three letters applying for receipts to cure corns; and no longer ago than last Monday, I had a most parental epistle from the tenderest of all mothers, who, after a long display of her anxious cares and foreboding fears, requests me to have the goodness, as she perceives from my writings that I am endued with superior benevolence, to inform her of the best mode of curing chilblains, with which she says her dear chubby-faced cherry-cheeked little children are at present afflicted.

These applications are rather flattering, because they suppose me to possess a certain degree of useful skill, and the ready kindness to impart it for the benefit of others. But this is not the opinion of every body, as a person who signs himself Harry Resolute, considering me as possessed of more medical knowledge than Lady Bountiful in the play, and that I can not only cure a sprain or a wound, but that I know all the secret effects of both, desires me to inform him on what part of the hand a good smart cut will produce a *locked jaw;* and I defy all my readers, if they were to employ the whole intervening time, which is no less than a month, between the publication of this and the next number of the *Repository*, to form a right conjecture of this worthy gentleman's motive for favouring me with such a curious inquiry. It is as follows:

"I have," he says, "a clever managing kind of a wife, and, though I say it, rather pretty in her person; but then she has a tongue that never lies still for a moment, from the time she rises in the morning till the night summons her to take her rest, and give it to all the other members of the family. Now I am told, that a certain cut in a certain part will produce what is called a locked jaw, which never fails to bring about a total disuse of the tongue. This I wish to have explained, because, if that is the case, the particular trouble of mine to which I have alluded is not without a remedy. Mrs. Resolute, you must know, is a very rigid economist, and I have found it a most difficult task since I have been married to her, to prevent her from degrading herself, as I think it so in a person of her station, by cutting the bread and butter for tea in the afternoon, as she suspects that servants are generally very wasteful and extravagant in the latter article; and if a good slash in her hand from a sharp knife would produce the desired effect, I shall let her take to cutting the bread and butter, and who knows but a fortunate slip of the blade may make her quiet and myself comfortable the rest of her life."

I beg leave in reply to say, that if Mr. Resolute can possibly be serious in his request, he is a fool; and if he thinks it a good joke to attempt to impose upon and laugh at me, I have a different word to apply to his character, which it does not become me to name.

I have another application, which, whatever may be the reality of the former, is made, I believe, from serious and very vexatious experience. The writer represents himself as having been married about three years to a very charming and accomplished woman, but who, having been unfortunately brought up in the midst of tonish and fashionable society (for so, and properly enough, he has expressed himself), is afflicted with the mania of being always in the height, even to the minutest circumstance, of what is the prevailing fashion of the day. He explains a variety of instances, which are perfectly ridiculous and idly extravagant; and I shall beg leave, for that will be sufficient, to describe one of them.

My correspondent represents himself as possessed of a large fortune, and endued with a generous nature as well as an indulgent disposition; but he cannot persuade himself that the happiness of reasonable beings is to be found during the winter in fashionable parties, expensive entertainments, balls, concerts, &c. and the looking to card-racks and porters' books as the guides of life; as well as in thinking, that the fine summer months are no where to be enjoyed but in domestic transfers to public places under their different denominations and characters. This gentleman states, that his country mansion is rather of a superior class, with park and woods and gardens, and all the accompaniments that give consequence to its possessor: but madam insists that it is a scene of dulness and stupidity, where she sees and is seen by no one; and, therefore, instead of spending the fine season of the year among his tenants, and benefiting them by his residence on his estate, his whole family is

carried to some watering-place at a great distance from their home, where twice the expense is incurred, and not a tythe of the real comforts possessed which can be commanded on the spot, that is thus deserted from idle notions of fashion, and, which is the consequence of them, the habits of dissipation. I think it will be better to give the concluding part of his letter, which is too long and circumstantial to insert the whole of it, in his own language.

"I suffered things to go on in this way till my wife became a mother, as I was strongly possessed with the opinion, that the new ties and tender feelings attached to that character, would turn her from the pleasurable pursuits of the *ton* to that home which was the natural scene of them, and where alone the delights attendant upon maternal duty could be enjoyed. But my disappointment was complete, and distressing beyond what I can describe: for she regretted her confinement, as it debarred her from her parties and her pleasures; the children are resigned to nurses; and it was rather as a compliance with my whims, when the nursery was allowed to accompany her for upwards of two months last summer to Brighton, at the distance of a hundred and twenty miles from the family seat. I now determined, however, to put an end to this delusion; and on my assuring her that I resolved to make a change in my domestic arrangements, she fell into fits, accused me of a wish to put an end to her life, sent instantly for a physician, who, I suppose, was prevailed upon to tell me, that, from the delicacy of her constitution, it might be attended with serious consequences if I continued to oppose her wishes. I regard her with the utmost tenderness, but as I know that her constitution has borne late hours, and indeed all the hurries of dissipation, without being impaired, and as it has never been injured by being continually abroad, I have no great alarm at the effects of staying at home. I am, therefore, fully determined that my fortune shall not be diminished, nor my domestic peace be disturbed by the racketing or riot of fashionable life; and I shall, in spite of her fits and faintings, which are ready upon every the least opposition to her will, carry my plan into execution. Now, madam, as you appear to have an enlarged experience, and, I doubt not, a scientific knowledge of your own sex, you are probably able, and will, I doubt not, be ready to give me your opinion as to the best and least painful mode of convincing the lady in question, that real happiness is not to be found in the rout and riot of what is called high life; and that a wife and a mother has duties to perform, and pleasures to enjoy, to which dissipation is a professed enemy, and is only preparing for her a miserable old age, and the painful reflections on her early folly."

I shall reply to this gentleman by relating a story, which I recollect to have heard, and from whence he may derive some instruction for his present situation, and be relieved, if he has resolution to follow a good example, from his prevailing perplexity.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.

POPE.

A fine, high-spirited young lady of the *ton* was married to a gentleman of ancient family and large fortune in one of the northern counties. He, however, had the kindest heart in the world, and all that submissive disposition which generally accompanies such a character. He had, therefore, no authority over his wife; for she did not fail to apply the weakness of his temper to answer her own purposes. He, nevertheless, who was not without a decent portion of understanding, would sometimes, though very rarely, and in a quiet way, oppose her requisitions. But she, who was always determined to gain her point, and being of opinion that wrangling was beneath a gentlewoman, resolved upon an expedient which would not wound decorum, by falling into fits whenever she received a contradiction. The worthy man, who feared nothing so much as these hysterics, gratified her in every thing, whatever it might be, to prevent the return of these alarming attacks. A fit, however, of a more serious nature happened to make free with him, from which he never recovered; and the lady for some time acted the no very difficult part of a disconsolate widow.

At length this unassociated kind of life became disagreeable, and she chose a very sensible, accomplished gentleman for her second husband, with a firm resolution to govern him by those arts which she employed to acquire an authority over the first. But he was acquainted with her disposition; and, without deviating from all proper tenderness, determined to shew that he would be the master on the very first occasion that offered. It soon happened, that in talking about china, of which she was particularly fond, he ridiculed the folly of purchasing decorations that were of so brittle a nature, treated it as an idle extravagance, and finally declared, that no such expensive crockery should be permitted to enter his house. The lady immediately fainted, when he started up, as if in a state of extreme alarm, and vociferated most loudly for help. The servants arrived; all the necessary remedies were applied, as he took care, in a most uncomfortable abundance; at length she was placed on the sofa; and as she appeared to be recovering, he pressed his cheek to hers, and took that opportunity of whispering in her ear, "My dearest love, all these vagaries will answer no good purpose whatever; all that is in the power of my fortune you may command, but I beg and beseech you to lay aside these foolish artifices. You may be assured, that I shall never, like your former husband, be the dupe of these pretty passions. Take the advice of one who sincerely loves you, and would make every reasonable sacrifice for your happiness, but then it must be the happiness of a reasonable woman." These hints rather increased her agitations for the moment; but a little reflection, and his kind attentions, not only altered her conduct, but brought her to think so contemptibly of it, that among her intimate friends she will sometimes allude to her folly; and it was from her own lips that I heard the story which I have related.

F—— T——.

I must beg of Lætitia to consider, that there is nothing so easy as to ask a question, but that it is not always the case with giving answers. Of her interrogatories, some are unintelligible, and the rest are so simple, that she will excuse me from replying to them. I will venture to say, that the very first person she meets after she has read this paper, whether man, woman, or child, will be able to give a satisfactory answer to them.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Musica Flebile, a tre Voci, per l'immatura infaustissima Morte di Sua Altezza Reale LA PRINCIPESSA CARLOTTA AUGUSTA *di Galles Saxe-Cobourg, &c. composta da* G. Liverati, *Autore dell' Opera favorita dei "* SELVAGGI,*" e già Compositore del cosi detto King's Theatre.* Pr. 2s. 6d.

To such of our readers as are in the habit of frequenting the King's Theatre, the name of Mr. Liverati cannot be a stranger. They surely will recollect his serious opera *I Selvaggi*, brought out two years ago. It is one of the very few operas, composed here since the time of Winter, that received the decided approbation of the public, and was honoured with many repetitions. The music struck us forcibly as being of a superior order; and we have not forgotten the impression excited by the finale to the first act, and, among other pieces, by a charming quartetto, *Oh sacro vincolo.* We, therefore, perceive with regret, that this gentleman has quitted his station as composer to our Italian Opera; where, if encouraged as his talents deserved it, he would, in our opinion, have produced works on the birth of which on British soil we might pride ourselves. In support of this opinion we need only add, that at Vienna, the seat of musical taste, several of Mr. Liverati's operas, such as *David, La prova dell' Opera*, &c. met with very distinguished success. We cannot, and ought not, to have Mozart for ever; novelty is an essential requisite in dramatic representations; and while other capitals produce new musical dramas every season, is the King's Theatre to be fed second-hand, as was the case last season?

To turn, however, to the composition before us, we shall briefly state, that the subject of its Italian text is the premature death of our beloved Princess Charlotte. Her memory has not been honoured by the British Muse alone; Germans and Italians have vied in offering a tribute of affection on her tomb. Among these, Mr. Liverati's effusion claims a high rank. It is a glee for three voices, in the style of a cantata, consisting of several movements of varied character. The first, in E ♭, which serves as introduction, is awfully impressive, and is followed by a continuation of the same subject, of a somewhat more determined character in the outset; but towards the conclusion (from the words *la delizia, le speme,* &c.) the melody assumes a cast of tenderness and sweetness extremely affecting, and eminently suited

to the text. In the third movement, an allegretto in B ♭, the question, "Shall we then see this fierce destroyer,' (death,) 'vaunt his dire blow?" and its sequel, are again treated with becoming energy; and some clever imitations between the bass and upper parts sustain this effect of decisive expression. After this movement, the author resumes the andante of the second strain; on which, however, he now engrafts one or two very good new ideas, such as at *si fia sempre dell' Anglica gente*, &c.

In this elegiac composition, Mr. L. has judiciously abstained from any display of bold or strikingly scientific harmonic combinations: these would have been misplaced on such an occasion. His labour ingratiates itself by correctness of judgment, propriety of expression, and by an impressive classic style; all which merits go hand in hand to produce a well-organized *tout-ensemble*.

Select Airs from the celebrated Opera Il Don Giovanni, *composed by* Mozart; *arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute*, by J. F. Burrowes. Books I. II. III. Pr. 8s. each.

As the works of Mozart, and especially this opera of his, have at last become the universal theme of admiration in this country, it may not be superfluous to recall the attention of our readers to an ample *original* biographical memoir of this astonishing musical genius, inserted in the eleventh volume (First Series) of the *Repository of Arts*. They will find there some anecdotes relating to *Il Don Giovanni*, and a few critical remarks on its music, which at the present time may perhaps excite additional interest.

Il Don Giovanni, although not the most perfect of Mozart's musical dramas, is his greatest work; it teems more than any other with the emanations of almost superhuman harmonic powers. Of the gay, the sorrowful, the comic, the grave, the tender, the terrible, this opera presents equally perfect models; it breathes the accents of sensual as well as platonic love; while, on the other hand, it soars beyond mortal existence, and speaks the sepulchral moans of phantoms.

The excellent manner in which this opera was performed at the King's Theatre last season, forms an epoch in our musical history, and has rendered the whole opera an universal favourite. Various editions of the music are already before the public, but as all these require the vocal assistance of not only one but several persons, the idea of Mr. Burrowes to confine its execution to a piano-forte, accompanied by a flute, appears to us judicious, and likely to meet with the approbation of a numerous class of amateurs. His aim seems to have been to select every air of course, and, moreover, every movement, the cantabile style or regularity of which could recommend its production in a detached form. Hence several such pieces have grown out of the finales; others have been given with curtailments, and some have undergone transposition to an easier key. The flute generally, and at times but alternately, assumes the melody; and in the absence of that instrument, the part is so arranged that it may be played by a third hand on the piano-forte. This is certainly convenient; but in some instances the height of the melody thus occasioned, operates

in some degree a diminution of effect.

All this required, as may be supposed, not only much assiduous application, but the exercise of equal judgment and taste; and we are happy to add, our inspection of the work enables us to say, the task has been very ably accomplished. The essence of the harmony has been preserved without imposing deterring difficulties on the piano-forte, and less still on the flute. The number of pieces is eight in each book; the great favourites are fairly dispersed over the three; and the typographical execution does credit to Messrs. Goulding and Co. the publishers.

Celebrated Irish Melody, arranged as a Rondo, with an Introduction, composed for the Piano-Forte by F. Ries. Op. 67. No. II. Pr. 3s.

After a short introduction, in which we observe some original ideas, among which the concluding bar is not the least neat, the Irish melody "The young May morn" is propounded in its simple form first, and then a series of digressions and recurrences to the subject are entered upon, which not only bear a decided stamp of originality, but are highly attractive in point of melody. The change of tempo occasionally resorted to, adds considerably to the interest. In this respect we remark the pleasing cantabile portion in the larghetto, *p.* 4, and the original deduction from the subject at *poco piu andante*, *p.* 5. The subject itself, *p.* 5, is well brought in; the neat lines 1 and 2, *p.* 6, claim particular attention, so does the imitation of the theme in minor key in the same page; and the conclusion of the whole appears to us striking and effective.

Les Suivantes, No. II. *Sonate pour le Forte-Piano, composée, et dediée à Milady Caroline Murray, par* J. B. Cramer. Op. 58. Pr. 4s.

The first of this set of sonatas appeared some time ago, and was noticed in a former critique of ours in terms of high commendation; but the sonata before us, in our opinion, is still superior to its predecessor. It is impossible to imagine ideas more exquisitely treated. All breathes harmony in its most elegant and pure form. The movements are three in number, an allegro in B ♭, a largo in F, and a rondo in B ♭. We have now before us a good page of notes, the substance of which was intended for this article, but we really despair of doing any thing like justice to the numerous excellencies we should have to describe; and our room, besides, would fall very short of the space which the most concise analysis would require. All is excellent; and even in cases where the thoughts are not original (and some there are which may be readily traced to Mozart), the garb in which they are dressed, and the manner in which they are introduced, make them appear with fresh interest as integral portions of the whole.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. IV. Pr. 3s.

An air by Mr. King, "Sigh not for love," forms here the theme of four variations, which claim our approbation fully as much as we have testified in respect to the former numbers of this work. In the sub-

ject, however, we perceive a succession of harmony not quite to our taste; we allude to bars 9, 10, 11, *p.* 1. The progression is hard, at best, in that bare form which commences every bar with a fifth. This harshness is a good deal avoided in the variations. On the latter we have already given our favourable opinion generally; we shall merely add, therefore, that No. 2. distinguishes itself by a graceful fluency of style; No. 3. presents a fine flute solo; and No. 4. is rendered interesting by the character of polacca into which the theme has been thrown. A few very elegant concluding bars in the piano-forte part of vars. 2. and 3. also demand our special notice.

"*Softly opes the Eye of Day,*" *a Serenade adapted to Dalayrac's admired Air of* "*Le point du jour,*" *written, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Foote*, by Wm. Ball, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

To this sweet air of the graceful Dalayrac, a very elegant English text has been devised, which unites itself admirably with the chaste and simple melody. The whole has our decided approbation.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violino, composed by T. B. Everett. Pr. 4s.

In this sonata we perceive a few ultra-harmonic combinations, arising from a desire to produce originality; but the composition presents such numerous proofs of good taste and superior science, that we cannot but testify our hearty approbation of Mr. E.'s labour. In the allegro we observe a good subject (the whole of which, however, is not new to us), a fine cantabile dolce passage, some creditable alternations, and, in general, a good style of treatment. The passages which connect the end of the first, as well as of the second strain, to the beginning of the latter, look profound, but are not to our liking. The key is B ♭; but the second strain begins in the very distant and extraneous key of B ♮ minor. A bridge of connection, therefore, between these extremes was to be built by flats and double flats, and, withal, by an enharmonic leap from C ♭ to B ♮. The road, after all, is not a smooth one. The adagio in E ♭ deserves high commendation; its theme is of the chastest sweetness, and the violin affords valuable aid in its progress. We also notice with approbation the interesting portion in E ♭ minor: the last bar but one, however, before the entrance of the six flats, appears objectionable, including the violin; and the path by which we get from the minor to the major, is again of *very* artificial construction. The last movement, a minetto "in the German style," does honour to Mr. E.'s talents. It presents a fund of science: fugued passages, good counterpoints in abundance, tempi d'imbroglio, imitations, &c.; in short, all that is clever in harmony. The whole is excellent, and shews that the school from which the piece professes to be an imitation, has been studied with judgment and great advantage.

Le Tournesol, a favourite Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced an admired Irish Melody, composed, and, by permission, respectfully inscribed to Miss Sarah Birkett, by J. Monro. Op. 6. Pr. 3s.

Four movements: the first is an

introduction in C minor, a little solemn rather, but altogether in good style. The succeeding allegro, in two strains, has a pleasing subject, is conducted with regularity, quite sonata-like, and presents proper developement of ideas: the second strain, setting out in G minor and merging into B♭, and other harmonic ramifications, equally demands our approbation. The Irish melody is pretty, tastefully embellished, and well harmonized. The last movement is called the Isleworth Walz: the theme is more agreeable than original; the third strain, with the unisonos in the minor key, although not new, comes in with good effect. We further observe a pleasing part in D major, and, further on, the subject thrown into G minor, and afterwards into B♭: the conclusion also is quite appropriate.

The whole of this divertimento bespeaks good taste and correct harmonic conception; it is eminently suited for practice, as it combines attractive melody and sound harmony with attention to executive convenience.

"*Le Retour des Vendangeurs,*" *Introduzione and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Llewellyn,* by J. Harvey, jun. Pr. 3s.

This publication has caused us some surprise: we do not know Mr. H. and if we can trust our memory, this is the first of his compositions that has met our eye. Hence, we will own it, our expectations were slender; but "taste and judge" ought to be the watch-word of the critic: we tasted, and our satisfaction increased at every step. If Mr. H. has the major portion of life before him (and from his Introduzione we are inclined to think he has), we predict decided future eminence, so he keeps in the road which his good taste has pointed out to him. The Introduzione is a clever and interesting movement, almost too clever: the signature is D minor, but the transitions to all sorts of keys are too numerous and incessant; we have, as we go on, F major, C major, B major, E minor, C ✕ major, F minor, D major, &c. and, lastly, a neat strain of some extent in A major, which ends the introduction. In all this no mean degree of skill is displayed, but such frequent changes are destructive of unity in design. We have done with objections! The rondo demands unalloyed applause: the theme is very graceful, the passages (*p.* 4) neat, the dolce (*p.* 5) chastely conceived, and the rest of that page written in a superior style of workmanship. The *minore* (*p.* 7) contains some highly select ideas; the modulations at the end of that page and the beginning of the next are extremely well conducted, and the rest of the last-mentioned page, as well as the ninth, quite masterly. The conclusion also gave us much pleasure.

Once more we must declare our high satisfaction with this specimen of Mr. H.'s Muse. His style is classic; his talents are evidently of a superior order.

"*Le Garçon Volage,*" *a favourite Quadrille, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Charlotte Cotterell,* by James Denman. Pr. 2s.

Excepting one or two instances of awkward harmony (such as at the

beginning of the third line, *p.* 1), we must do Mr. D. the credit to declare, that he has exercised considerable ingenuity, and occasionally also some harmonic skill, in converting this dance into a very entertaining rondo. We here and there observe some very neat transitions, and the passages which connect the strains are cleverly devised. The second page is well managed, the minore (*p.* 4) respectable, and the portion in B b particularly neat. The various changes of key throughout are properly introduced, and contribute to throw variety into the whole.

"*Adieu, good Night,*" *a favourite Ballad, sung by Mr. Duruset of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, written by G. E. Giffard; composed* by Louis Jansen. Pr. 1s. 6d.

"Adieu, good night," ingratiates itself by a pleasing melody of tender expression, by a regular and symmetrical arrangement of the ideas, and by a satisfactory and effective harmony. It is a good song.

Les Sœurs, six Duettinos for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, respectfully inscribed to his Pupils Misses A. M. and T. Brickenden, by Jos. Coggins. Pr. 3s.

Two movements of Haydn, one of Handel, one of Gluck, one of Nicolai, and one of Dr. Arne, are here cast into six short duets, of the utmost facility as to execution at the outset, and progressively a little more difficult, yet none beyond the reach of very moderate proficiency. The harmony is simple, but satisfactory. We, therefore, wish to recommend Mr. Coggins's labour to the attention of young practitioners and to their instructors, as lessons eminently calculated for the earlier stages of tuition. The two airs of Arne and Handel are a little out of date; but no matter, there is the more variety of style to set before the beginner.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 15.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE annexed series of these tasteful and interesting compositions will be found to rival, if not to surpass, the elegance of those which have already been presented to our readers. The formal arrangements of the original cards are well concealed by the present designs, and are artfully combined, or separated, so as to make their usual figures properly decorative to the several subjects.

The EIGHT OF DIAMONDS is the dream or vision of a Greek warrior. In complete armour and wrapped in his mantle, he reposes on a couch, fully prepared for the battle that awaits the morning; and his sword and shield are suspended to the candelabrum supporting the watch-lamp. His genius, whether good or evil, and which is the aërial figure of the vision, seems to be touching the lyre in a cadence pleasing to the recumbent hero. The principal light emanates from the lyre, indicating war and bloodshed, and is reflected on the zodi-

acal belt that surrounds the figure, in the signs of Aquarius, Taurus, Leo, and Scorpio, importing the periods of the year in which his dangers and his labours will transpire. The diamond is also made to decorate the shield, and to form compartments in the frame-work of the couch.

The THREE OF SPADES is a composition from the story of the *Fracas*, and is illustrated in its continuation: the drawing, and light and shadow, are highly creditable to the artist, who has judiciously concealed the lamp by a screen formed of the spade; and other spade-like forms compose a classic ornament to the bed, and a border to the lady's dress.

The NINE OF CLUBS is combined in a group of Hibernian warriors, proceeding to battle in the ancient war-car of their country: the figure of the club is ingeniously made to represent the axle, pin, and nave of the wheels; it is also used to decorate their massive shields, and to form the standard of the party. The varied positions of the shields have a picturesque effect, and curiously lessen the formality of the card itself.

The EIGHT OF HEARTS is altogether sepulchral, and represents the tombs of some of those departed knights of romance who flourished in the ancient days of chivalry. A knight of later times, probably in those of Alphonso, of Sancho, or of Dionysius, who succeeded the Suevi, the Visigoths, and Moors, is clothed in his mantle, and paying the accustomed homage of midnight watching and prayer; the least hurtful perhaps of the constituted duties of a faithful and true knight.

BEATRICE, OR THE FRACAS.

(Continued from p. 112.)

STUNNED by the force with which he met the elbow of the holy father, and the blow his head received on the rough and pointed stones of the causeway, the linguist lay senseless on the ground for some time; but when, by an assiduous rubbing of his temples, assisted by the copious sprinklings of the falling shower, returning signs of life appeared, the good man led, or rather dragged, him along to the house of a neighbouring chirurgeon, into whose hands he committed him, with injunctions of ample assistance and proper remedies; and he related the particulars of the accident, so far at least as he himself knew them. The stupid insensibility in which he remained when his friend departed, was succeeded by a sort of delirium, the symptoms of which appeared the more alarming, as the inexplicable guttural of the linguist was reassumed, and with considerable violence. Restraint and repeated bleedings were instantly resorted to, and the worthy teacher and translator was presently in the situation of a frantic maniac.

Every one knows that the eve of St. Benedict often falls at the commencement of Easter; and so it happened at this time, and immediately preceded it; the solemn duties of which engaged the reverend father for several days, and concluding the accident he had witnessed was but of a trifling nature, it no longer engaged his attention: so that the doctor, who judged, by the dress of his patient, that he was not unworthy the full exercise of his talent, continued

to bleed, blister, scarify, and potion, until, in the language of the mystery, he had suffered an universal and extreme prostration of bodily energy, and had really become a fit subject for medical skill, applied in the way of tonics and nutritious diet.

The works of destruction are rapid and obvious, but those of restitution are slow and scarcely perceptible, at least it was so with the strength and health of the poor linguist; for the chirurgeon availing himself of the incoherent language of the first hour, and affecting to believe all the declarations, remonstrances, and assurances of the sufferer, to be merely the offspring of a disordered mind, contrived to administer with diligence the whole extensive catalogue of his remedies, each article of which he accompanied with a pious address and some mysterious signs, which he maintained were necessary to its perfect operation. In this manner a fortnight had passed away, and the injudicious vauntings of Le Pallet had established a report that the linguist was murdered, and by his hands; for the servant had faithfully communicated the account received from Teresa, and towards which the musician had volunteered his advice. This turned out to be rather an unfortunate piece of generalship; for it being proved that the absentee was last in his and the ladies' company, and that the musician was not at his own home during that night, an unusual circumstance, a suspicion fell upon them all as being accomplices in the murder: they were therefore apprehended and confined apart; the house was ransacked, and the floors and pavements broken up in search of their supposed victim.

Beatrice was inconsolable at this turn of affairs; her little property was seized, her reputation injured, and her life in danger. Her situation was otherwise less painful than might have been expected, rendered so by the friendly offices of the keeper of the prison, one of whose private apartments was allotted to her in the domestic portion of the edifice; for he had known her father, who, at the latter period of his life, had indeed spent some weeks in his establishment, and had been generous (perhaps *upon compulsion*) for many little indulgences; and as Beatrice was also liberal, she shared in some attentions, and suffered little restraint within the confines of her own room: both then might well be granted to a female so unprotected and in such circumstances.

The gaoler had a son, who, from other motives, was no less considerate of the lady's comfort; in fact, he had formed some resolutions tending that way, when twelve months before she had visited her father, Mons. Selstoff, in the same prison. The clock had now struck twelve, and Beatrice was about to retire for the night, after long meditation and reflections on the loss of her stew-pans and chafingdishes, when a gentle tap at the door, repeated thrice, each time more gently than the other, somewhat alarmed her; presently a key entered the lock from the outside, and the door was opened by the youthful candidate for her favours: he was an assistant of the town notary, and a clever lad in his calling. The poor youth's heart beat vio-

Plate 18 Vol. 5

MUSLIN PATTERNS.

lently as he explained the nature of his visit—his love, her danger, and his determination to aid her escape, provided she would consent to become his wife, should future events prove favourable to his wishes. Escape and concealment were all that could be done at present; he had obtained the keys, and could return them, so that her escape might appear to be owing to a negligence of the gaoler himself. Beatrice, whose eager eye never was withdrawn from the door, hastily consented to his prayer, and on his knees he rapturously acknowledged his satisfaction.—Having adjusted her dress, he cautiously led her through the house to the buttery and little postern, used only by the servants of the family; and at this spot it is said the youth first ventured to claim that testimony of gratitude or affection which authors never report with confidence as having transpired, because perhaps the parties never reveal it.

The fugitive was now at liberty, but the rapid succession of ideas had not permitted a due consideration of the spot she should adopt for her refuge, and she instinctively made her way towards the house of her late residence and misfortunes. It was closed, the door fast padlocked on the outside, and seals were affixed to the shutters of the lower windows: in fact, it had upon it the sign and seal of the law; and by the faint gleam of the moon, it looked as awful as would the record of her condemnation, or the imperial warrant for execution. Beatrice inwardly shuddered at the sight, and passing onward, doubtful of an asylum being afforded to her, she saw a light in the attic window of the dwelling belonging to a distant relation, and she knocked involuntarily at the door: it was the very house of the chirurgeon in which the poor linguist was still enduring the retrograde discipline of the healing art.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—BRIDAL DRESS.

A LOW dress, composed of British net, and worn over a white satin slip: the dress is cut low and square round the bust; the bosom and back are ornamented with white satin points interspersed with pearl; the shoulder-strap is finished with chenille. The waist is very short, the dress tight to the shape, and the back of a moderate breadth. Sleeve *à la Française*, made very short and full, and ornamented with ten or twelve narrow stripes of white satin placed bias round the arm. The skirt is finished at the bottom by a large rouleau of white satin, which is surmounted by four satin pipings, disposed in waves and interspersed with white roses. The front of the dress is so formed as to have the appearance of a drapery; it is ornamented with pipings, which terminate in a large bunch of white roses: the effect of this trimming is novel and elegant. The

hair is dressed high behind, and surmounted by a diadem of white roses; a band of pearl is placed across the forehead. The front hair is disposed in ringlets, which fall thickly over the temples so as to leave only a little of the forehead visible. Necklace, bracelets, armlets, and ear-rings, pearl. White leather gloves, and white spotted silk slippers.

PLATE 17.—WALKING DRESS.

A fawn-coloured poplin gown made half-high: the back is plain, and the front wraps a little to the left side; the body is trimmed with two rows of white satin ribbon painted in natural flowers. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist to correspond. The bottom of the skirt is very tastefully trimmed with painted ribbon interspersed with bows. Head-dress a small gipsy hat composed of cork, cut in the same manner as willow-shavings, ornamented with a bunch of cork flowers coloured to resemble nature, and a full plume of fawn-coloured feathers. A small round cap is worn under this hat; it has a full quilling of net round the face. We must observe, that the hat is not lined, but has a row of painted ribbon put round the inside of the brim, which resembles at a distance a wreath of flowers. Fawn-coloured kid slippers and gloves, and a rich silk shawl, complete this dress.

We are indebted to the invention and taste of Miss Macdonald of 50, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Pelisses are most generally adopted in the promenade costume, but they afford us little room for observation. For plain walking dress they are now generally composed of cloth or velvet, and trimmed with fur. The most fashionable have a very broad trimming all round the pelisse; the collar, pelerine, and cuffs also correspond. *Ponceau*, mulberry, dark green, and deep blue are favourite colours for these pelisses. Ermine, sable, and squirrel's skin are the furs most in request. The muff always corresponds with the trimming of the pelisse. We have not for many seasons seen muffs so generally adopted: they are worn of a moderate size.

Walking dresses are also in considerable estimation: they are composed of poplin, levantine, and fine Merino or Russian hair cloth.—When they are composed of cloth, they are generally finished round the bottom of the skirt with a trimming which is an intermixture of velvet and satin, and are worn with a velvet spencer: the colour of the trimming and the spencer always corresponds with that of the dress; but being of course much more vivid, it has a very pretty effect. We consider these dresses as very gentlewomanly, and peculiarly appropriate to the walking costume.

The materials for walking bonnets do not differ greatly from those of last month. Beaver is still in estimation; velvet is also generally worn, but it is now frequently mixed with satin. Leghorn is in very great favour: we have seen several bonnets composed of it of a singular and unbecoming shape; the crown is of a moderate height, but the brim, which is square, is enormously large, and comes very

close over the face. The trimming of these bonnets is novel and pretty; it is a *chevaux de frise* of ribbon of two or three different colours: this trimming is very full, but not broad, and has at a distance the appearance of wreaths of flowers; it goes round the edge of the brim, and also round the top and bottom of the crown.

Velvet and levantine pelisses are much worn in carriage dress, as are also high round dresses composed of plain and fancy poplins, and white Merino cloth. Pelisses are generally trimmed with swansdown; but we have seen some trimmed with a rich silk fringe, with a broad pointed heading, the points composed of chenille and little tufts of floss silk. Pelisses trimmed with this fringe, have generally a collar and cuffs of satin or fancy velvet, but the latter is most fashionable.

Cork hats form a favourite head-dress for the close carriage; and velvet and satin bonnets, the brims of which are elegantly finished with an embroidery in straw, are also in much request. The most novel head-dress that we have seen, is a white velvet bonnet, the crown of which is made like a caul of a cap: it is high, and has a band of green satin placed across in the middle; the front is small and square: it is lined with white satin, and finished round the edge by an embroidery of oak-leaves in green chenille, and a row of narrow blond lace set on plain. A very full plume of green and white feathers placed to one side, and green satin strings, finish this bonnet, which is one of the most tasteful and becoming head-dresses that we have seen for some time.

Merino cloth and striped tabinets are very much in favour for morning dresses. We have observed nothing actually novel either in the form or trimming of morning dresses, satin and ribbon being the only materials in request. Cork-screw rolls of ribbon interspersed with bows, are much worn, and have a pretty effect; but they cannot be considered as a new fashion, since, if we recollect right, they were described in our French Fashions as being worn in Paris some months back.

Plain and fancy poplins and striped sarsnets are most in favour for dinner dress; low dresses are upon the whole most prevalent, and long sleeves are universally worn. No alteration has taken place in the bodies of dresses since last month; the trimmings also which we described in our last number, are still in the highest estimation. We have noticed, however, two new trimmings: the one is painted ribbon or velvet, which, as our readers will perceive by our print, has a very tasteful effect: the other is an embroidery of floss silk, which is about half a quarter in breadth, and has the appearance of feathers; there are generally three together, and they are placed at distances of three or four inches asunder. The effect of this trimming is very whimsical, but by no means inelegant.

British net, white satin, and gauze are all in estimation in evening dress. Gauze is extremely fashionable: we have seen some flowered in the loom round the bottom of the skirt in a large running pattern; they are worn with coloured satin bodies, which are made

very low, and are cut round the bust and at the bottom of the waist in small scollops; a very fine narrow lace is set on plain round these scollops. The sleeve, which is very short and full, is surmounted by a half-sleeve composed of three large satin scollops, which are also finished with narrow lace. We have some reason to believe that trains are likely to be revived; a *marchande des modes* of considerable eminence at the west end of the town, has lately received several orders for train dresses.

Caps have been creeping into favour during the last month, and seem likely to be again as much worn as ever. In half dress, the *cornette* or mob shape is not, however, very fashionable, the most tonish being round: they are composed of British net, the cauls are rather high, and they are trimmed either with narrow lace or a quilling of net round the face, and ornamented with ribbon only in undress; they are also generally tied with narrow ribbon under the chin. Those worn in half dress are a mixture of net and satin; the caul is usually lower; they are not tied under the chin, and instead of ribbon, they are profusely ornamented with flowers. Never indeed have we perceived flowers so generally adopted in full and half dress as at present; feathers are partially worn, so also are pearl and diamond ornaments in the hair; but flowers form the most general ornament of caps, *toques*, and turbans. They are also worn to adorn the hair in diadems, bouquets, and half-wreaths.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green, fawn-colour, scarlet, deep blue, and pearl colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

SINCE I wrote last, promenade dress has experienced a considerable alteration. Pelisses are still, however, fashionable, but many of our *élégantes* are seen in spencers: these are composed either of velvet or levantine; their form has nothing novel, and they are trimmed always with Brandenburgs either of steel or silk.

The coldness of the weather has occasioned our fashionables to resume an article of dress which has been very little worn in the earlier part of the winter; I mean the witzchoura. The form of this expensive cloak continues the same as last winter; but the large fur pelerine which used to ornament it is discarded, and a high standing collar composed of fur is substituted in its place. Witzchouras are worn occasionally over spencers or pelisses, but they are more generally adopted with gowns of tartan silk, or fine Merino cloth: these gowns are made in a very plain style; the body is tight to the shape, and cut very low round the bust. The sleeve is long, and in general plain. The skirt is finished round the bottom by a broad rouleau of satin; this is surmounted by two or three bands of either satin or velvet. The bust and the bottoms of the sleeves are ornamented either with satin bands

or narrow rouleaus. I must not forget to observe to you, that a new and very beautiful stuff, which is an imitation of velvet, and is called *velours simulé*, is much in fashion for spencers, witzchouras, and court manteaus.

The materials in request for hats are velvet, white satin, and *tulle*. The two latter are in universal request for dress hats. Large bonnets are still worn; but I have recently seen two small hats of a very becoming shape, which I will endeavour to describe to you.

The first is composed of velvet; it is always worn with a *cornette* of *tulle*, no part of which is seen but the border, as the brim of the *chapeau* is shaped exactly like the headpiece of the *cornette*, and, like it, ties under the chin: it has no trimming round the brim, but is turned up in a soft full roll. The crown is oval, higher in front than behind; the top of it is formed of full velvet; a very full band of satin goes across the crown, and a plume of ostrich or Marabout feathers is placed to the left side.

The other is a small velvet hat, which has some resemblance to a *toque*; it is of an oval shape; the brim is turned up on one side. The crown is composed of a piece of plain velvet, but the middle part of it is ornamented with satin dispersed in folds; a brilliant steel loop is placed in the centre of these folds across the crown of the hat, and a very long plume of ostrich feathers put close to the loop finishes it.

Both these hats are of a becoming shape, but particularly the round one: it is, however, calculated only for a carriage or dress promenade hat, but the other is elegantly appropriate to walking costume; it is tasteful, but at the same time simple and neat.

When I wrote to you last, small round caps were all the rage, now *cornettes* are in universal estimation; they are composed of *tulle*, velvet, satin, and worked muslin: the two first materials are, however, considered most fashionable. Instead of having, as formerly, a headpiece made with ears, the headpiece now consists of a plain band, one side of which is considerably longer than the other; this is brought under the chin and fastened at the right ear; it is ornamented with a broad lace border, and a narrower lace of a corresponding pattern is set on full round the ears and next to the caul, which consists of an oval piece, and resembles very much the caul of a night-cap. These *cornettes* are ornamented with half-garlands of flowers, or sometimes with low plumes of down feathers. Velvet flowers, which have been so long in request, are now entirely exploded; and Marabout plumes, which, when I wrote last, were but partially worn, are in higher estimation than ever.

Plaid silk has superseded levantine in dinner dress. *Perkale* still continues fashionable, so are plain sarsnets of light colours; but Merino cloth is entirely exploded.

Dinner gowns continue to be made low, and in general with long sleeves. Embroidery is no longer considered fashionable for the trimming of dinner dresses; instead of it, our *élégantes* wear two or three rows of striped or spotted ribbon, put on in waves. This kind of trimming is generally terminated

by a puckering of satin at the bottom of the skirt. Dresses are again gored, and made of a moderate fulness, but it is thrown in general too much behind.

Perkale dresses continue to be trimmed as described in my last, and the *fichu* worn with them generally corresponds with the trimming of the dress; that is to say, the collar is formed of two rolls of clear muslin or *tulle:* at the bottom of these rolls is a narrow frill plaited very small; another frill is placed between the two, and a similar frill goes round the *fichu*.

In full dress, *tulle* over white satin is still very fashionable; but gauze and crape are also in high estimation. Figured gauze is in greater request than plain. I saw last night a very beautiful dress composed of it, which I will try to give you an idea of.

The body is composed of white satin, and cut low on the shoulders and behind, but of a delicate height in front, so as to shade the bosom; it fastened in front, wrapped a little to one side, and was ornamented with the lightest and prettiest narrow white silk trimming I have ever seen. Three scarlet silk buttons are placed on the shoulder, and a band composed of floss scarlet silk, of a light and elegant pattern, goes round the waist. The body, instead of *tabs*, is finished by a short jacket, full behind but plain all round. The sleeve, which is short and full, is finished at the bottom by a band to correspond with the waist, and surmounted by a half-sleeve composed of three falls of *tulle*, each fall considerably deeper than the other, and each finished by a row of silk trimming to correspond with the bust. These falls are very full, and stand out a good deal from the under-sleeve. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with five or six flounces of *tulle*, disposed in large plaits; each of these flounces has a heading, a row of the scarlet silk trimming I have already described. The bottom of the skirt is also ornamented with a row of it, put close to the hem. The effect of this dress is uncommonly elegant; it is a great favourite in ball as well as full dress: for the latter, however, *canezous*, so the bodices are called that I described in my last, are in still greater favour. The newest trimming for ball dresses consists of narrow plaid velvet ribbon; from four to nine rows of this ribbon are used to decorate the skirts of ball robes.

The Mary Queen of Scots cap has been revived by some *élégantes* in full dress; it is composed of *tulle* or blond, and ornamented always with flowers: it is, however, only partially adopted.

The hair is dressed higher than when I wrote last; it is still divided into bands and platted: these bands, instead of being brought to one side, form a full tuft at the back of the head. Garlands of flowers are still in favour in full dress, but they are now placed very far back upon the head, and a pearl or coral bandeau generally ornaments the forehead. Coral ornaments are also in great favour for the hair; they are likewise placed far back upon the head.

Toques, turbans, and dress hats are in general estimation in full dress with matronly ladies; but flowers or coral ornaments form always the head-dress of youthful

belles. Fashionable colours are, scarlet, pale pink, and blue; but white is higher in estimation than any other colour.

Farewell, dear Sophia! Believe me ever your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. W. PHILLIPS will shortly publish the third edition of his little work, entitled *Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology*, with some additions. From this edition, however, will be excluded the few pages annexed to the last, as an Outline of the Geology of England and Wales; which, together with the map accompanying it, will shortly be published separately, but with large additions, under the title of A Selection of Facts from the best Authorities, arranged so as to form an Outline of the Geology of England and Wales, with a map and sections of the strata, designed for the use of the student.

The author of Melancholy Hours has in the press a poem entitled *Astarte*, which will appear in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. J. H. Brohier has in the press, *The English and French and French and English Cambist*, or *Tables of Exchange*, from one farthing to a million pounds sterling, and from one denier to a million livres.

A New Picture of Rome, or *an interesting Itinerary*, containing a general description of the monuments, and most distinguished works in painting, sculpture, and architecture, both ancient and modern, of that celebrated city and its environs, by Marien Vase, is in the press. It will be embellished with numerous views of public buildings, and a large plan of Rome.

J. W. Lake, Esq. is preparing for the press a volume of poetry.

Mr. Curtis, whose improvements in the treatment of diseases of the ear have lately occupied so much attention, has now in the press his *Introductory Lecture* to his Course on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of that Organ, as delivered at the Royal Dispensary.

Speedily will be published, to be continued monthly till completed, the first number of an *Ecclesiastical Biography*; containing the lives of Jesus and the Apostles, and of the most celebrated fathers, martyrs, founders of sects, missionaries, and theological writers; arranged chronologically, to form a connected History of the Christian Church.

Mr. Prince Hoare is preparing a *Life* of the late illustrious patriot and philanthropist, Granville Sharpe, a man whose deeds deserve to be recorded as examples to good men of all ages and countries.

Mr. Robert Bloomfield is engaged on a descriptive poem of the splendid mansion, and that enchanting spot, Southill, near Bedford, the seat of the late Mr. Whitbread.

A collection of the *Poems* of Arthur Brooke, Esq. of Canterbury, is in the press.

In March will appear, a volume entitled *Epistolary Curiosities*, or unpublished Letters from Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, Prince

Rupert, General Lord Astley, General Fairfax, John Selden, Oliver Cromwell, General Monk, Sir Richard Sutton, &c. edited by Rebecca Warner, of Beech Cottage, Bath.

Early in March will appear, in 8vo. the first volume of a complete translation of *Ovid's Epistles*, by Edward D. Baynes, Esq. A faithful version of these elegant and impassioned epistles has long been a desideratum in the literary world.

In the course of this month will be published, a poem, entitled *Harvest;* to which will be added, a few other poetical pieces, by Charlotte Caroline Richardson.

Mr. Minasi, whose portrait of the Duke of Wellington printed upon silks in colours, by a method of which he is the inventor, obtained some time since the warmest approbation of artists and connoisseurs, is preparing, in the same superb manner, a highly chaste and appropriate allegorical design commemorative of the lamented Princess Charlotte.

Poetry.

EXTRACT

From Lines suggested by the Death of the Princess CHARLOTTE.

By THOMAS GENT, Author of "A Monody on SHERIDAN," &c.

THEN, wherefore, Albion! terror-struck, subdued,
Sit'st thou, thy state foregone, thy banner furl'd?
What dire infliction shakes that fortitude,
Which propt the falling fortunes of the world?—
Hush! hark! portentous, like a withering spell
From lips unblest—strange sounds mine ear appal;
Now the dread omens more distinctly swell—
That thrilling shriek from Claremont's royal hall,
The death-note peal'd from yon terrific bell,
The deepening gale with lamentation swol'n—
These, Albion! these too eloquently tell,
That from her radiant sphere thy brightest star has fall'n!

And art thou gone—grac'd vision of an hour!
Daughter of monarchs! gem of England's crown!
Thou loveliest lily! fair imperial flower!
In beauty's vernal bloom to dust gone down—
Gone when, dispers'd each inauspicious cloud,
In blissful sunshine 'gan thy hopes to glow;
From pain's fierce grasp no refuge but the shroud,
Condemn'd a mother's pangs, but not her joys to know?

Lost excellence! what harp shall hymn thy worth,
Nor wrong the theme? Conspicuously in thee,
Beyond the blind pre-eminence of birth,
Shone Nature in her own regality!
Coerc'd, thy spirit smil'd, sedate in pride,
Fix'd as the pine while circling storms contend;
But, when in life's serener duties tried,
How sweetly did its gentle essence blend,
All-beauteous in the wife, the daughter, and the friend!

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.